



THE

# Tattler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 9 Aug. 1961



Frinton holiday





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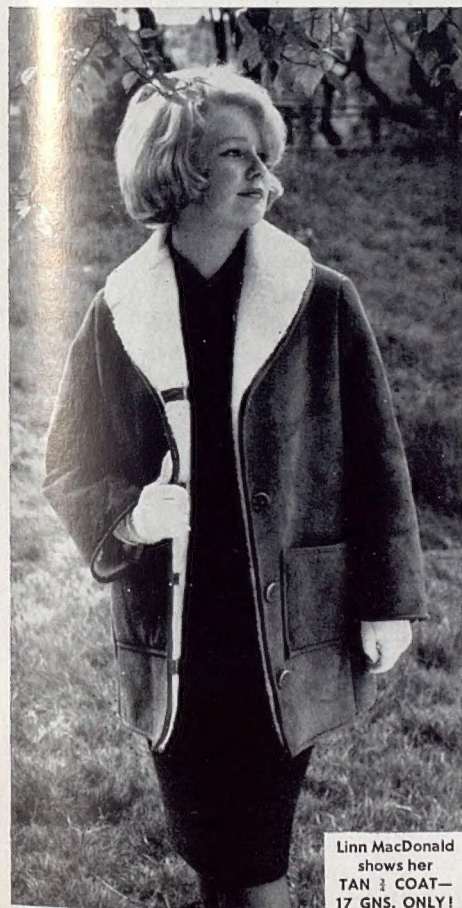
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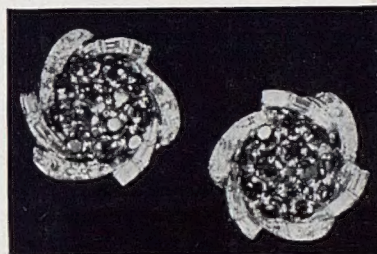
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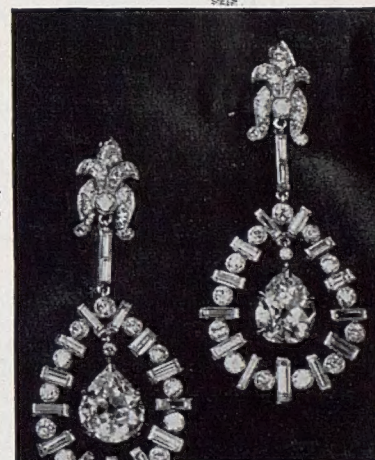
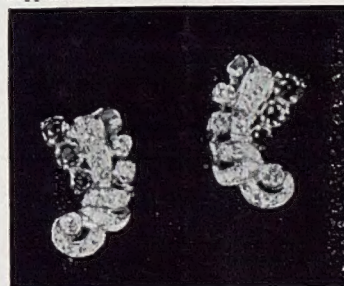
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# THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXLI Number 3128

9 AUGUST 1961

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## SUN AND BLUE WATER

**M**OST roads lead to the sea this month and that's where most people are heading—especially those with children. They are catered for this week in *Frinton holiday* (page 268) where specialist in child photography Betty Swaebe caught up with a whole batch of young holidaymakers on the North Sea beaches. Other seagoers include shipping magnate Mr. Basil Mavroleon, whose new £400,000 yacht *Radiant II*—built in his own yards at Sunderland—has just made her maiden voyage from London to Monte Carlo. Alex Low went aboard on sailing eve and his pictures of the interior décor by Anthony Denny and the departure scenes appear in *Destination Monaco* (page 260). From France in return comes a sunlit set of pictures re-creating *The Arles of Van Gogh* (page 263). The Provençal town has made 1961 a celebration year to commemorate the tormented artist who lived and worked there in the 1880s. Some people turn at once to the Agony Column in their daily newspaper. This week The Tatler supplies one of its own—but it's a column with a difference as you'll find on page 266. Fashion reports *All the winners* in a seven-page section that covers current form in hats, shoes, stockings, handbags and jewellery (page 275). Muriel Bowen starts her column at Goodwood and there are reports and pictures of the Queen's visit (page 253 onwards) as well as full coverage for polo at Cowdray Park, the Household Brigade Regatta, cricket at Hurlingham and the annual International Horse Show. Next week pictures of Cowes Week will be included in the special Scottish number of The Tatler.

The cover:



*It's the sort of thing children can keep up all day, certainly long after parents and nannies have had enough. But so long as there's sea and plenty of sand the seniors aren't called on to do much more than relax in the shade of a beach chalet and look on. David Sim took the colour picture. For more children by the sea turn to Frinton holiday on page 268*



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from  
*Peter Saunders*

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# GOING PLACES

## SOCIAL & SPORTING

**Grouse shooting opens**, 12 August.  
**Tidworth Polo Tournament**, Tidworth, Hants, to 13 August.

**Household Brigade Polo Club**, Smith's Lawn, Windsor Great Park, every Saturday & Sunday.

**Show Jumping**, European Junior Championships at Hickstead, nr. Bolney, Sussex (nine international teams), 10-13 August. (Bolney 268 & 297).

**Yachting**, R.O.R.C. Plymouth—St. Nazaire race, start 11.30 a.m., 13 August.

**Inland Waterways Association Rally**, Aylesbury, Bucks, 14-18 August.

**Shrewsbury Musical & Floral Fête**, 16 August.

**Brighton Horse Show**, 16-19 August.  
**Edinburgh Festival**, 20 August, 9 September.

**Irish Hunt Balls**, Shelbourne Hotel: Galway Blazers, tonight; South County Dublin Hunt, 11 August (Tickets: Mr. G. A. Flewitt, 55 St. Alban's Park, Ballsbridge, Dublin). Gresham Hotel: Cavalry Club Ball, tonight; Meath, 10 August. (Tickets: Major F. Leyland, Parsonstown Manor, Batterstown, Co. Meath); Louth, 11 August. (Tickets: Mrs. Boylan, Hilltown, Bellewstown, Co. Meath.)

**British Legion Horse Show Ball**, Shelbourne Hotel, 11 August. (Tickets: Mr. G. Stewart, 51 Upper Mount St., Dublin.)

## RACE MEETINGS

**Flat racing**: Beverley, Haydock Park, Yarmouth, tonight & 10; Newmarket, Redcar, 11, 12; Warwick, 12; Lewes, 14; Nottingham, 14, 15; Salisbury, Catterick Bridge, 16, 17 August.

**Steeplechasing**: Devon & Exeter meeting, today; Newton Abbot, 18, 19 August.

## CRICKET

**Warwickshire v. Australians**, Edgbaston, to 11 August; **Yorkshire v.**

**Australians**, Sheffield, 12, 14, 15 August.

**Fifth Test Match**, England v. Australia, The Oval, 17-22 August.  
**County Cricket Festivals**, Weston-Super-Mare, Somerset, 9-18 August; Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, 12-22 August; Southend-on-Sea, Essex, 19-25 August.

**M.C.C. v. Denmark**, Lord's, 11 August.

## SAILING WEEKS & REGATTAS

**Menai Straits**, Whitstable, Salcombe, West Highland, Falmouth, to 12; Teignmouth, 10-13; Torbay Fortnight, 11-26; Eastbourne, 12, 13 August.

## MUSICAL

**Promenade Concerts**, Royal Albert Hall, 7.30 p.m. nightly (ex. Sundays). (KEN 8212.)

**Royal Festival Hall**, London's Festival Ballet, 8 p.m., matinee Saturday, 5 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

**Holland Park Open Air Concert**, London Philharmonic Orchestra, cond. Basil Cameron, 7.30 p.m., 13 August.

## ART

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House, to 13 August.

**Italian bronze statuettes**, Victoria & Albert Museum, to 1 October.

**"Britain In Water Colours"**, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., 15 August to 2 September.

## FESTIVALS

**Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales**, Rhos, nr. Wrexham, to 12 August.

**Minack Theatre Season**, Porthcurno, Penzance, to 9 September.

**Highland Games**, Ballater, Aberdeenshire, 17 August.

## EXHIBITIONS

**Regency Exhibition**, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 1 October.

**Stage Design in Great Britain since 1945**, Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square, to 26 August.

**Regional craft exhibitions**, Gloucestershire (Painswick), to 26 August;



Nearly £250,000 of diamonds were on view when Owen of Lachasse showed his Autumn-Winter Collection at the Regent Street showrooms of Garrards, the Crown Jewellers. The two models above, displaying Calman Link matching mink coats, have diamond watches and diamond-decorated hats

Devon (Totnes) to 19 August; Dorset (Bryanston School), 15-17 August.

**"Model Engineer" Exhibition**, Central Hall, Westminster, 16-26 August.

## FIRST NIGHTS

**St. Martin's Theatre**, *Guilty Party*, 17 August.

**Saville Theatre**, *The Lord Chamberlain Regrets*, 23 August.

## THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman.  
For this week's see page 283

**Stop The World—I Want To Get Off.**

"... what is charming & original is the oddly winning way in which the whole thing is presented." Anthony Newley, Anna Quayle. (Queen's Theatre, REG 1166.)

## CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant.  
For this week's see page 284.

G.R. = General release

**Whistle Down The Wind**. "... a touching and delightful film, that could not have been better directed." Hayley Mills, Bernard Lee, Alan Bates. G.R.

## BRIGGS by Graham







*The fishermayden is Leslie Caron, in the title role of Fanny, which will be seen in London in the autumn. It has been adapted from Marcel Pagnol's trilogy, Fanny, César and Marius, and was filmed almost entirely on location in Marseilles and the nearby village of Cassis. Parisian-born Miss Caron completes a trilogy of her own with this film, for it is the third she has made named after a girl, the other two being Lili and Gigi. Co-starring with her in Fanny are Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer & Horst Buchholz*



## GOING PLACES LATE

### *Perennials—hardy & gay*

Douglas Sutherland

THE NIGHT CLUB BUSINESS IS NOTORIOUSLY EPHEMERAL. I AM STILL smarting from reporting a new late niterie that closed again before any of my readers had time to get there. Staffs, too, come and go, and ownership changes with such regularity that it is probably worth devoting a column to describing one of the more permanent features of London's night life.

The oldest club in London I believe is *Murray's* which is still run by the Murray family and whose clientèle testify to the excellence of the club by their loyalty down the years. *The 400* in Leicester Square must also rate as one of the best known of the older clubs to which succeeding generations remain faithful, but I suppose it is to the Meadows brothers that the honour of pre-eminence in the late night business must go. They sprang to prominence after the war, but their origins go back much farther. Father Meadows was a property dealer, and Bertie, one of the four sons, started the old *Crackers Club* in Denman Street as a defence against spending so much money entertaining his friends in other people's establishments! After the war, when youngest brother Harry and Bertie got back from the Army there came *Churchill's* and *La Rue* and the *Twenty-One Room*. In those days many of the biggest names in the business today used to work for them. Seigi, who now has an elegant establishment in Charles Street, used to run *La Rue*—now redeveloped as an office block, Rico Dajou was at the *Twenty-One* and, of course, Bruce Brace went over the road from *Churchill's* to start the highly successful *Winston's* in Clifford Street. But *Churchill's* and the *Twenty-One* have gone on from strength to strength.

*Churchill's* must today have the biggest and most distinguished membership list in London. One of the secrets of its success has been the big oversea and out-of-town membership who regard a visit to *Churchill's* as a *sine qua non* when coming to London. It also explains why the cabaret at *Churchill's* is different from any other in London.

It is lavish in presentation and full of movement; Harry Meadows can afford to ignore the modern trend for topical cabaret. "Most of my oversea members would not understand half the jokes in most of the late night shows around town," he explains, and I agree with him. I do not follow many of them myself and visitors want colour, glitter and movement when they go out for a night on the town.

There are two other Meadows brothers, John the eldest whom they call The Captain, and Eddie, who concerns himself mainly with looking after their considerable property interests. Indeed, they have just pulled off one of the largest development projects in this country involving many millions of pounds. This makes the Meadows brothers rich men, but they remain far from being remote tycoons of popular imagination. They have stayed at the top in club business because of the trouble they take to make their customers feel that they are also friends. Eddie's son, Stanley Meadows, has gone on the stage. He is already making quite a name at the Old Vic, and has understudied both Laurence Olivier and David Tomlinson. But there are two boys, Harvey and Brian, to carry on the old tradition. I expect the name of Meadows to be around on the London scene for many years to come.

### Cabaret calendar

**Pigalle** (REG 6423) *The Bernard Brothers* top an all-star spectacular from Monday. *Peggy Lee* closes Saturday

**Winston's** (REG 5411) *Danny la Rue* produces and stars in *This is Your Nightlife*, plus early evening show, *Old Time Music Hall*

**Savoy** (TEM 4343) *Ballets de Silvia* and supporting bill including the *Savoy Dancers*

**Quaglinos** (WHI 6767) *Noel Harrison Society* (REG 0565) *Sonia Stevens*

**Hungaria** (WHI 4222) *Hutch*

**Celebrity** (HYD 7636) *The Keymen, Les Waltinos, Kenny Day* and full supporting variety bill



Frances Faye is in cabaret at the *Walk of the Town* which also includes *Ten O'Clock Follies*

## GOING PLACES TO EAT

### *Soho passport to Paris*

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays W.B. = Wise to book a table

**Petit Savoyard**, 35 Greek Street (Shaftesbury Avenue end). (GER 5367.) Open Sundays for dinner. Like many of the smaller restaurants in France no money is wasted on décor frills—it is spent on top-quality products for the kitchen. Again like France, this long-established restaurant is supported by a cohort of regular customers who know where to find good food. And full marks for the white wine by the glass, and the coffee. Allow about 20s. per head for food.

#### A Chatham name goes rural

On the A.229 Chatham-Maidstone road, and just off the London-Dover A.20 motorway, is **Veglio's** (Maidstone 55459). Open Monday to Saturday, noon to 10.30 p.m. The name is well known to those who have served in the Chatham area in the past 50 years, and now the Tonnas have moved into the country. There is a long list of "*Spécialités de la Maison*," ranging from *Canelloni* to *Chicken Maryland*. Prices are fairly reasonable. Pets must remain in the car park. W.B.

#### Wine note

With beer, spirits and fortified wines becoming progressively dearer, this is the time to entertain your friends with sound but cheap table

wines. Here are some suggestions; where I am certain about the supplier and the price I have said so. That does not mean that they cannot be got elsewhere, or cheaper.

**Côteaux du Layon**. White, medium-dry and fruity, from the Loire. Army & Navy Stores, 9s.

**Bourgueil**. Red, unusual and delightful, also from the Loire. Fields, Sloane Avenue, Chelsea, 8s.

**Tiroler Riesling**. White, hock-type from the Alto Adige, slightly sweet. Peter Dominic, Orange Street, Haymarket, at 8s. 6d.

**Anjou Rosé**. Costing about 8s., perhaps the most popular of these wines. The Bordeaux rosé is slightly cheaper, the Tavel a little dearer.

**Samos Dry**. White, Greek and *not a retsina*. Must be cold. About 8s., from Kettners Wine Stores, Old Compton Street.

**Santa Rita**. Red, full-bodied, Chilean burgundy, and wonderful value at about 7s. 6d. The Cabernet (Red) 1957, often slightly cheaper, is also good.

**Dal Canto**. Red Chianti. At Fields, 9s. for a litre bottle. Fine for a spaghetti evening.

#### ... and a reminder

**The King's Head**, 85 Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. C.S. No table bookings. Good value for money for office workers or residents in the district.

**The Bridge**, 25 Basil Street (behind Harrods). (KEN 1723.) C.S. Remains

one of the best of London's smaller restaurants.

**The Stable**, 119 Cromwell Road. (FRO 1203.) Open Sundays. New and good Franco/Italian cooking.

**Connaught Hotel**, Carlos Place. (GRO 7070.) Of international repute and as good as ever. Restaurant open on Sundays.



## GOING PLACES ABROAD

*Touring in Greece*

Doone Beal

JUST AS THE SEASON FOR THE GREEK ISLANDS ENDS, TOWARDS MID-October, the time to enjoy the mainland, especially by car, is only starting again. It is hard to say which is lovelier, the Greek spring with gentle sunshine and wild flowers, or the autumn, when everything is blue and golden and the air regains that actinic clarity that can mist up into a heat haze in high summer. Travel in Greece is still an affair of the heart. One must travel with love and indulgence towards some bad roads, some willing if not over-competent garage mechanics, and—by way of a *real* quibble—the fact that, where Greek place-names are translated at all, they are spelled in some six different ways which vary from map to map and guide book to guide book. But proof of the great rewards of Hellenic travel are that, even as one sits in a dusty kerbside café, waiting for some form of transport or other to get going, one is yet laying plans for a future trip; preparing to come back again—and willingly—for more.

However, the Greek Government is making a great effort to legalize this affair of the heart into a respectable marriage of convenience. Some excellent new roads have been built, as for example the coast road which runs from Athens to Cape Sunion, and the new road from Larissa to Salonika, along the north-east coast. By next year, the way will be more smoothly paved for passengers landing from the Corfu ferry at Igoumenitsa and travelling cross-country via Jannina and Kalambaka and Larissa before turning south for Athens.

This road is of particular interest because of the surrealist country around Kalambaka, and the Meteora monasteries pinnacled on dizzy heights above. Even in its existing state, it presents no great problems because new tourist hotels have been scattered at strategic points, roughly three hours' motoring distance one from another, along it. There are motels at Igoumenitsa and Larissa, and hotels at Jannina and Kalambaka. The only part which is too rough and precipitous to travel at night is that between Jannina and Kalambaka, but to do so would in any event be a waste—the landscape is too dramatic to miss.

I have just explored a little-known part of the country: the peninsula of Mount Pelion, on the east coast, curving round the Pagasitic Gulf, with the islands of Skopelos and Skiathos lying off-shore. Pelion, which rises steeply from the sea, is thickly wooded with olives and chestnuts and laced by countless mountain streams. A road has been carved out of the hillside, making a spectacular *corniche* drive hair-pinning round to the village of Tsangarada, where one is rewarded by a delightful new hotel. It is beautifully set in trees and lawns, with hydrangeas running riot and headily scented tubs-ful of gardenias, all hundreds of feet directly above the sea. By next year, a road (already existing in part) will encircle the mountain villages of Kissos, Makrihiani and Makrinitsa, dropping down to the port of Volos. Makrinitsa, quite untouched by time, seems to be suspended in space also with its delicately slated cottages, little churches and fountains and one immense plane tree shading the square, which is protected from the drop by a fragile little iron balustrade. It is from such a height that Volos, lying in the gulf, looks its most seductive, and magically so at night. It is in fact a humid, rather unattractive town.

But it has a passable hotel and is the port from which one embarks for Skiathos, Skopelos and other islands of the Sporades. (Also memorable as that from which the Argonauts set forth in quest of the Golden Fleece.) Pelion, which is not much known to foreigners, is beloved by Athenians, who grow weary of their own white, sun-baked summers and appreciate its cool green beauty. I would not commend it to anybody visiting Greece for the *first* time, since there are more typical and important things to see, but it is a worthwhile detour to make should you be motoring south from Salonika to Athens.

What, in fact, of Salonika and the country round it? Macedonia and



J. ALLAN CASH

*The Hotel Grande Bretagne in Athens. New hotels are springing up and roads are being made to open up Greece to the tourist*

Thrace, running along the northern gulf to the Turkish border and threaded by the old Roman road to Constantinople, have certainly a beauty of their own; a beauty of low-slung, fertile fields full of tobacco and rice, of shallow, mirror-like lakes and lagoons, backed by the distant mountains; of a greenness that in Greece seems somehow quite violent. On one of the squirrel-tailed peninsulas to the south lies the monastic republic of Mount Athos, which alone could be reason enough to visit the region: (ladies must make do with a motor-boat trip round the coast). By-passing the peninsula and driving farther east one comes to Kavalla, a pretty, piled-up town and seaside resort from whose shores Pompey, fleeing from Caesar, set sail for Alexandria. The ancient city and battle fields of Philippi lie just inland. To this day, Greeks abandoning an inconclusive argument in which they know themselves to be right (a characteristic Greek situation) will say: "I'll see you at Philippi."

Touring northern Greece or driving into the country from Yugoslavia, Salonika is an inevitable night's stop. First base is the old-fashioned but most comfortable hotel, the Mediterraneo, right on the waterfront.

While, as a city, one cannot say that Salonika merits a pilgrimage, it is certainly worth exploring if you happen to be there. It dates back to the time of Alexander the Great, and was founded by his brother-in-law. Coveted as one of the most desirable of all Mediterranean ports in the centuries between, it was only regained by Greece from the Turks in 1912. Its whole flavour is indisputably Balkan. In its character, its architecture and its climate, it is quite different from Aegean Greece. Superficially a mixture of the grandiose and the shabby, its waterfront curves in some beauty along the wide bay to the Venetian fortress of the White Tower. Behind this façade is a muddle of contemporary, neon-lit shops, picturesque covered markets, brilliant flower stalls, and, usually dwarfed by other buildings, some remnants of the Byzantine, both churches and baths. Understandably, the Greeks were no less ruthless in their destruction of the mosques and minarets than the Ottomans had once been of the Byzantine churches and mosaics. Thus, in this city which has known such bitterness from both sides, little of either remains. People who expect a firework display of indigo and gold mosaic in the churches will be disappointed. Nevertheless, many of them date back to the 5th century, and of these, St. Demetrius (since restored) is the most beautiful.

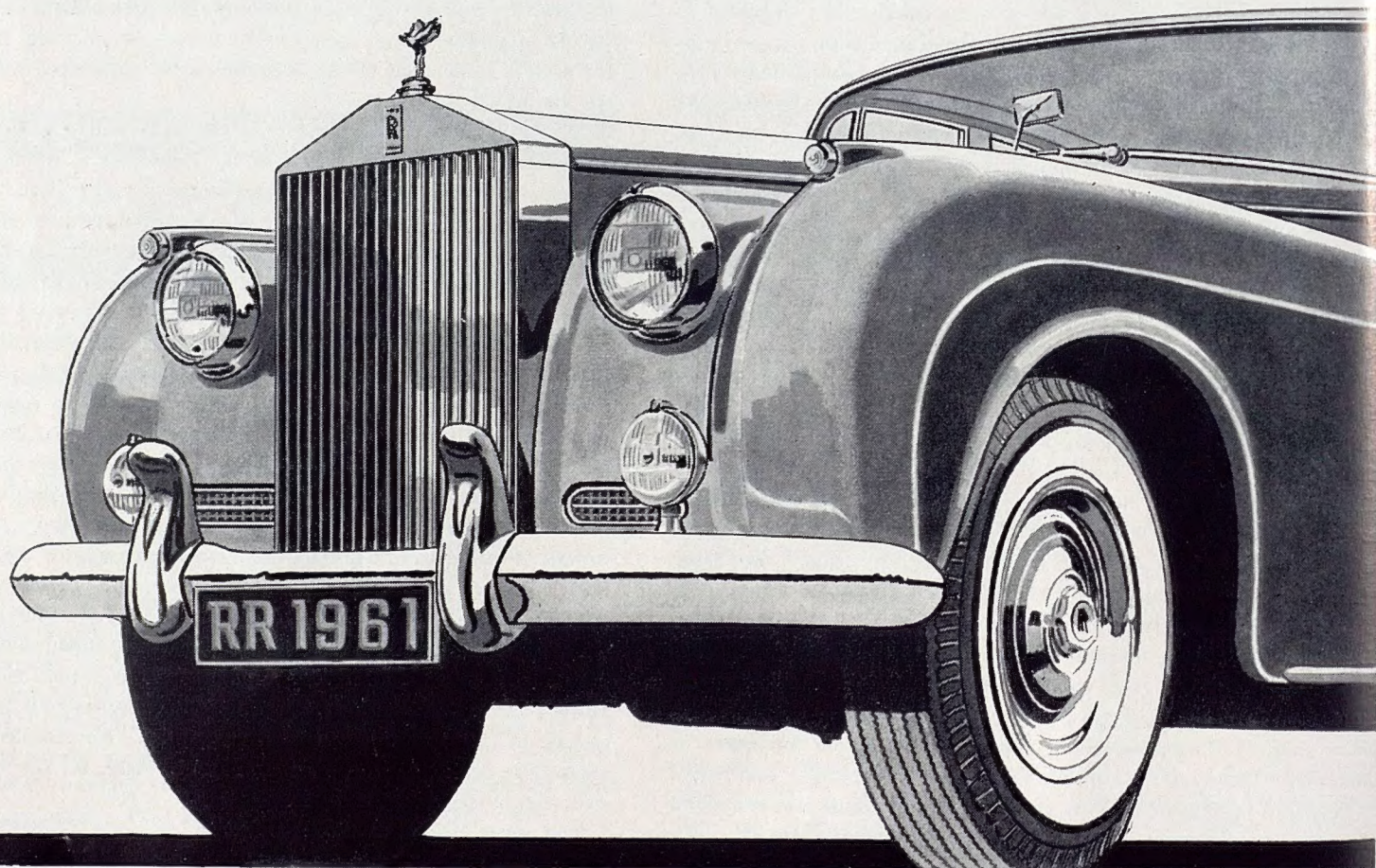
The secondary, and more Philistine, pleasure of Salonika is the food; the best in Greece. The Olympus Nauphlia, next door to the Mediterraneo hotel, is really good, and I also much enjoyed Remvi, one of a series of waterfront restaurants at the end of the port.



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THE TATLER  
9 AUGUST 1961

# INFORMAL GOODWOOD



The Queen walks with the Duke of Richmond & Gordon, her host for Goodwood week, on the second day of the race meeting. Keynote of Goodwood is informality following a pattern set by King Edward VII. Prince Philip, hatless and wearing a lounge suit, stayed for three or four races each day between commitments as umpire for the polo matches at nearby Cowdray Park. Muriel Bowen reports with pictures overleaf





Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White & Mr. T. M. McArthur



Mrs. Anthony Prendergast with Mr. & Mrs. Neville Blond

## Muriel Bowen reports from Goodwood



The Duke of Norfolk. Below:  
Col. A. Fetherstonhaugh &  
the Hon. Mrs. A. Hazlerigg



THE MEN RACING AT GOODWOOD LOOKED SO VERY happy, and it was nothing to do with bets well placed. The reason was the informality of Goodwood where top hats and morning suits are never worn. There was Prince Philip in lounge suit, dark glasses and no hat. The Earl of March, Mr. Wilfrid Hyde White, Mr. Stanhope Joel, and the Marquess of Abergavenny, all in lounge suits and looking happy as sandboys.

Such informality is comparatively recent. According to the present Duke of Richmond & Gordon time was when "the enclosures and paddock were filled with people hardly daring to breathe or smile lest they put a frill out of place or spoil the set of a crease." It was Edward VII who set the informal pattern. The interesting thing about it is that Goodwood triumphs in the process; looking out over the lawns from the Private Stand it is obvious that the meeting lacks nothing in graciousness and grandeur as a result. Good weather brought out the crowds. The Queen was staying at Goodwood House as guest of the Duke & Duchess of Richmond & Gordon and was there each day. Prince Philip came too, staying for three or four races each day, depending on his umpiring commitments at Cowdray Park. In the paddock or visiting friends in the pretty chalets with their candy-striped awnings I saw: Mrs. Edward Courage, Lt.-Col. & Mrs. F. W. S. Roberts, Mr. Charles Clore, Lord & Lady Rupert Nevill (they were in the Goodwood House party), Mrs. T. Lilley, Miss Anne Marsh, who motored from Brighton each day, and the Earl & Countess of Derby.

There, too, were the Hon. Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Sobell (she was wearing a chic printed silk dress with a spot and white tulle hat), Lord & Lady Porchester, Capt. & Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, Mr. & Mrs. Rex Boucher, and Mrs. Dawson Miller. Picnics were popular. Mr. & Mrs. Neville Blond had a sturdy set-up—a good solid table with fold-up chairs—for an *al fresco* lunch in the car park. Also picnicking were Mr. & Mrs. H. Phipps over for some racing from their place in Florida. He had picked up a Golden Cloud colt in Ireland two days before for what he described as "a song" and discovered when he got back to his London hotel that a full sister had that day won him a big race in the United States. "It's very unusual for us Americans to come to Europe and pick up a bargain horse—we're not nearly so smart at that sort of thing as you are!" he told me, as he tucked into a smoked salmon sandwich. What a good reason, too, for backing Skymaster in the big race, the Stewards' Cup (though I didn't). He's a son of Golden Cloud and the horse whose doping, leading to a Scotland Yard investigation last year, precipitated the Norfolk Committee enquiry. It must have been a galling experience for the Duke of Norfolk to see Skymaster win, as he sold the horse only a month before to Mr. W. J. Kelly, the 80-year-old Irish owner. The Duchess of Norfolk very sportingly was one of the first to congratulate Mr. Kelly after his horse was led into the winners' enclosure.

From Goodwood many people took the leafy road

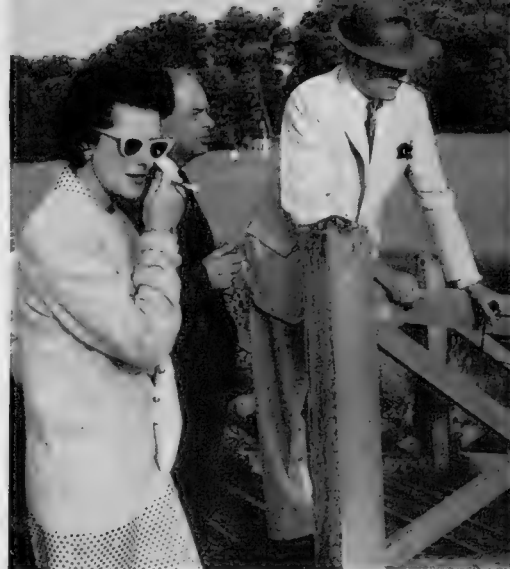




Mr. Miles Gosling & Miss Priscilla Cubitt



The Earl & Countess of Rocksavage



Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Budgett with (centre)  
Mr. M. G. Moseley

## — & from Cowdray Park



the leads to Cowdray Park where polo was already in full swing. It was then the third match of the day with Kirtlington having a hard-fought tussle with Cheshire. The result was a 5-4½ goals win to Kirtlington represented by Miss Judy Forwood, Capt. J. Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. Robin Fleming, and the club's veteran, Brer. George Fanshawe. Both teams had a fine muster of supporters. The Earl & Countess of Rocksavage were down from Cheshire and so was Mr. "Mickey" Moseley. Cheshire had bad luck when Mr. Alec Milanovitch dislocated his shoulder in an earlier match and had to be taken off on a stretcher. The Kirtlington spectators included Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Budgett and Mr. Miles Gosling.

### THE QUEEN'S WEATHER

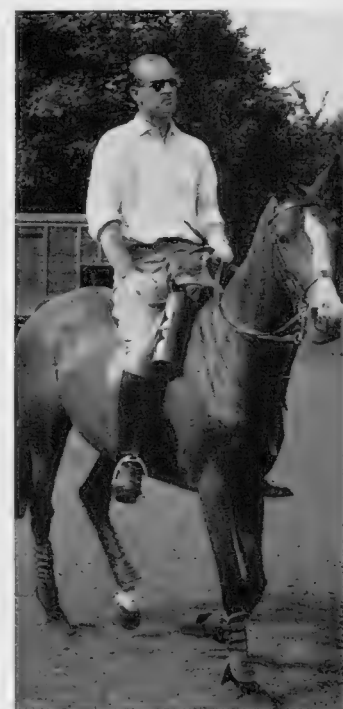
The Queen has been lucky this year with her garden parties. All three have had gloriously warm weather. At the last one I saw Sir Eric & Lady Edwards, Sir William & Lady Hart and their daughter, Julia, Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Bickerton, Tunku Ja'afar of Malaya and his wife in a beautiful blue & silver sheath dress, Mr. Philip Goodhart, M.P., & Mrs. Goodhart, and Mr. Ahmed Jaffer, one of Pakistan's most noted party givers. Others strolling the lawns or taking afternoon tea included Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Nickerson and their daughter Diana (smart in a pink linen suit), Sir Leslie Peppiatt (former President of the Law Society) & Lady Peppiatt, Nancy Viscountess Astor, Mr. & Mrs. John Pearson, Sir "Ted" Brown (the

Tory trade unionist, recently knighted) & Lady Brown, Mr. & Mrs. John Davies, Sir William & Lady Cooke, and the Dowager Lady Hemingford. The Chapel at the Palace, all swathed in green tarpaulin, was the big talking point at the party. A victim of the blitz, the chapel is being rebuilt as a picture gallery and will be smaller than the original building. Completion is expected by the end of the year when the public will have a first-ever opportunity of seeing the Queen's Buckingham Palace pictures.

### COACHES IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE

Not for years has the horse had such a boost in London as the day the Coaching Club held its annual meet at the Magazine in Hyde Park before the Royal International Horse Show. Down Knightsbridge we went in great style, coaches and horses shining. There were "good luck" shouts from the footpath and Sir Dymoke White's footman, getting a splendid note out of his yard of tin, brought clusters of shoppers to the windows of Harrods and Harvey Nichols. Precisely at 11.30 a.m. Sir Dymoke led off from the Magazine. Mr. Sandy Watney followed with his dock-tailed chestnut veterans. Others at the Meet were Mr. "Bassie" Gilbey with the team of bays he drives from Kensington to his office in Regent's Park a couple of days a week.

The Knightsbridge drive through Saturday morning traffic was the most ambitious thing the club has yet



Prince Philip returned to the polo field, not to play but to umpire

PHOTOGRAPHS  
VAN HALLAN





# The Brigade goes boating



Major & Mrs. George Nickerson compete in the Mixed Canoe Race. He is in the Scots Guards

*The Household Brigade indulged the national passion for messing about in boats at their annual regatta at the Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead. After obstacle races and mop-fighting came the Dongola Race (above) in which the chief objective is to sink as many of the competing boats as possible*

PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN





*The start of the Ladies' Single Canoe Race*



*Mr. Richard Sanderson & Miss Olga Kortlang*



*Miss Lucy Fletcher & Mr. David Brooke*

*Mr. M. T. N. H. Wills receives the  
Regimental Fours Trophy on behalf  
of the Coldstream Guards from Gen.  
Sir Torquhil Matheson, Bt.*



*Major C. Robertson, Mrs. L. J. Hill, Col.  
J. Vigor & Miss Marye Pole-Carew*



*Mrs. David Saunder & Sir Patrick Crofton, Bt.,  
Col. Vigor's stepson*



*Competitors in the obstacle race having trouble with tyres*



# Brilliance at the Horse Show

MURIEL  
BOWEN

*continued*

done—because of road works in Hyde Park it was either that or going by a back street route.

The decision of Sir Dymoke, the 73-year-old president, paid off handsomely. In the lead he had to put up with more jostling between double-decker buses than the others but his bays went bravely forward. "I live near the A.27 and horses that will go along that road will go anywhere," he said when I congratulated him.

It was such a good drive—cheering too, with virtually all the customers coming out of the King's Head to raise their pewter tankards to us as we went by. There were lots of moments I shall remember, such as the nice fluid sweep with which Mr. Watney took the turn into Bromhouse Road. I'm constantly having difficulty with it in a 10-horsepower car. Then there was the smart, collected halt of Mr. Gilbey's team, leaders' hooves on the white line, when the lights suddenly went red outside the French Embassy. It was good to see the army well represented (though one coach would have been missing if exercises in Portugal had gone ahead as planned!). **Major George Boon** had, as always, got the Royal Army Service Corps coach and horses expertly turned out. Indeed in nine years of coaching he's never had to put in a spare horse; a great tribute to the army grooms. **Major D. I. Mackenzie** of the Royal Highland Fusiliers, who had been admitted to membership of the Coaching Club that morning, drove the Royal Artillery coach. He's off to Virginia shortly on a military course, and well-introduced by the Coaching Club to coaching enthusiasts over there. **Major David Black** and **Capt. Tom Coombs** took it in turn to drive the "Blues" coach, pulled by a team of heavy greys got together this year. Having been held up in the traffic they took a somewhat longer route to Hurlingham than the others. But as **Major Black** announced nonchalantly on arrival: "We went up one or two streets where coaches had never been before and the people there were delighted to see us!"

## HORSES AT WHITE CITY

All things told it really was a great week in London for horses. There was a fantastic crowd to see **Capt. Piero D'Inzeo** from Italy win the King George V Gold Cup on his spectacular grey, The Rock, at the Royal International Horse Show. "It was about 30,000, in fact we have been breaking records every night this week," **Col. Mike Ansell**, the Show's organizing genius, told me. **Princess Alexandra** was there with her mother, **Princess Marina Duchess of Kent**, that night, and also in the Royal Box were **Princess Margaret**, the **Duke & Duchess of Beaufort**, **Col. & Mrs. G. G. Cox-Cox**, **Sir Malcolm Sargent**, and **Lady Helena Gibbs**. The big draw with the crowds is of course the number of brilliant young riders we've got today, such as **Mr. David Broome**, and **Miss Mary Barnes**. Then there are the ones who have drawn the gallery for years, such as **Miss Pat Smythe**, the **D'Inzeo** brothers, and **Brig. "Monkey" Blacker**, all full of horse-talk and horse news. **Miss Smythe** has a most impressive new horse, in the gay, well-balanced, little bay, Rayridge. "I picked him up at Capetown

last year when I was judging at the show there—he was then on the race track," she told me. Sad news though from **Brig. Blacker**. His famous **Workboy** is having trouble with his eyes, and in future he will only jump in daylight. The **D'Inzeo** brothers with their calm, beautifully-timed riding and their superbly schooled horses were, as always, a great delight. I asked **Raimondo** why he now rode Italian horses more than the Irish ones with which he used to do so well. Quick as a politician he retorted: "But you see the Italian ones understand my Latin temperament better!" There were so many people there: **Col. the Hon. Guy Cubitt & Mrs. Cubitt**, **Lord & Lady Leigh**, **Mr. Peter & Lady Mary Whitley**, the **Hon. Mrs. John Gilbey**, **Col. & Mrs. W. H. Whitbread**, **Mr. & Mrs. Dorian Williams**, **Capt. & Mrs. E. O. Crosfield**, **Mr. David & Lady Caroline Somerset**, and **Major Guy Wathen**—like **Col. Ansell** an Inniskilling—whose course for the King George V Cup was talked of by the experts as the best jumping course ever put up in this country. He certainly deserved his success. His work on the jumping arena started each morning during the show at 6.30 a.m.!

## THE CAPTAIN'S (DIET) TABLE

It's always the same this time of year. Everybody, but everybody, fathers included, talks about their bulging waistlines. The season has been too good to them and this year is no exception. Latest complaint on the social circuit is that the diets simply don't do the trick. I don't think the same can be said of this one. I got it from that notable raconteur and story-teller, **Capt. J. W. Caunce**, Captain of the *Queen Mary*. Here it is:

*Monday.* Breakfast: 1 bouillon cube in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of diluted water, weak tea, 30 ounces prune juice (gargle only). No lunch or dinner.  
*Tuesday.* Breakfast: Scraped crumbs from burnt toast. One doughnut hole without sugar, three grains cornmeal broiled. No lunch or dinner.  
*Wednesday.* Breakfast: Boiled-out stains of tablecloth. Lunch:  $\frac{1}{2}$  doz. poppy seeds. Dinner: Bee's knees and mosquito knuckles sautéed with vinegar.  
*Thursday.* Breakfast: Shredded egg shell skins. Lunch: Bellybutton from naval orange, three eyes from Irish potatoes, diced. No dinner.  
*Friday.* Breakfast. Two lobster antennae, broiled. Lunch: One guppy fin. Dinner: Fillet of soft shell crab claw.  
*Saturday.* Breakfast: One chopped banana seed. Lunch: One broiled butterfly liver. Dinner: Jellyfish vertebra à la bookbinder.  
*Sunday.* Breakfast: Two pickled hummingbird tongues. Lunch: Prime rib of tadpole. Dinner: Aroma of empty blueberry pie plate, with paprika and clover leaf (1) salad.

Unfortunately **Capt. Caunce** could not tell me the number of pounds a week the diet would take off. "I've never got down to it myself," he told me. "The menus on board are too tempting." It's certainly not a diet for life on board the *Queen Mary*. Much better try it on the family when the seaside cooking gets a bit much.





*Lady Mary Rose Williams, who came third in the Nizefella Stakes, has her weight checked by the Clerk of the Scales, Mr. L. W. Harris, who is also hon. treasurer of the British Horse Society. Below: Col. Mike Ansell presents a rosette to Valerie Clark after she had won the Nizefella Stakes. With them, Major Laurence Rook*



*The Old Surrey and Burstow hounds await release for their parade in the White City Arena. Right: Countess Campello. Far right: Captain Piero D'Inzeo of Italy, winner of the King George V Gold Cup, on The Rock*







*Moment of departure: On the bridge, Mr. Mavroleon (centre) has both arms raised; in front, his daughter Anita, and Mr. Anthony Denney the interior designer (in dark jacket)*

Radiant II sailed from St. Katherine's Dock to join the millionaire tonnage in Monaco harbour with a purpose dear to the heart of her owner, Mr. Basil Mavroleon. The project is to show that Britain's shipyards can build better than those of any other country and just as quickly. The idea budded just over a year ago when Mr. Mavroleon learned that one of his properties, the Wear Dockyard, Austin & Pickersgill, at Sunderland, had an empty order book and no alternative but to dismiss its team of workers. He ordered Radiant II to employ the men on a ship that would act as a sales-promoting, order-catching show-piece as well as a floating holiday home.

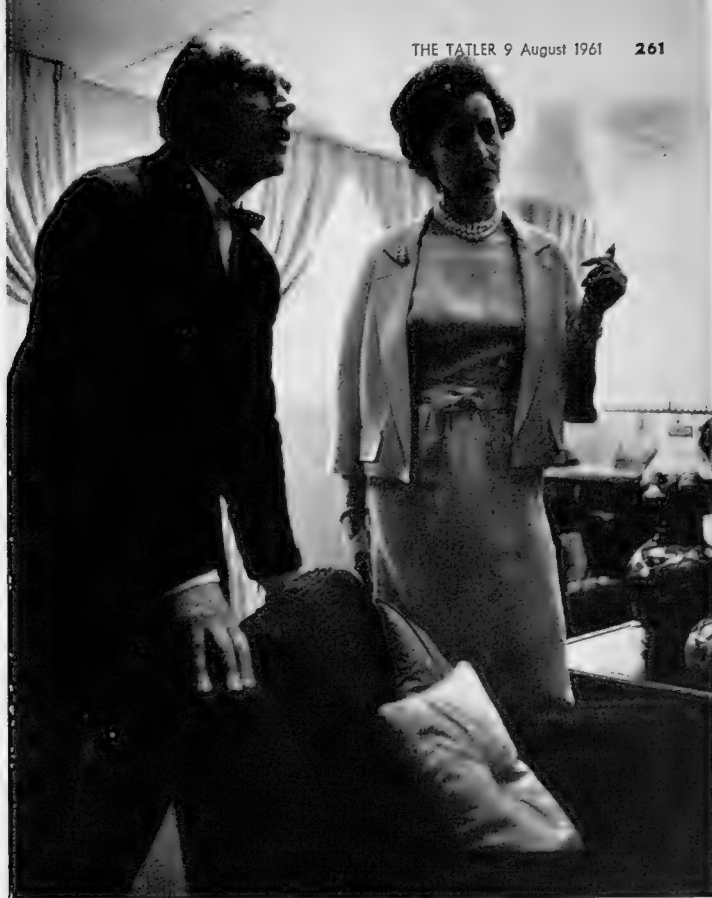
The work took just eight months from the receipt of the completed plans from Mr. Herbert B. Dunn. The result is a craft that's probably the fastest luxury yacht afloat with a speed of 16 knots against the usual 12-14 of similar design. Fuel oil capacity is 80 tons, feeding two Swiss 850 h.p. engines that give a cruising range of 4,500 miles. Interior décor is by Mr. Anthony Denney who worked in an oriental flavour to link with the Mavroleons' Chinese furniture. Mr. Mavroleon is a man of enthusiasms (*see picture right*). He considers himself primarily as a businessman and the yacht is fitted with a radio-telephone for contact with London during the maiden voyage.



# Destination Monaco



Photographs by Alexander Low



*A few moments before the ship left St. Katherine's Dock, the owner goes aboard*

*Mrs. Janey Mavroleon with Mr. Anthony Denney. Below: The ship's captain, Mr. Gordon Lewis Marshall*



*Mr. Mavroleon with Lady Iliffe (centre) and her nieces, and (right) Mrs. Joan Rice*

*Miss Anita Mavroleon waters the flowers as Radiant II sails on its three-month voyage to the Mediterranean*



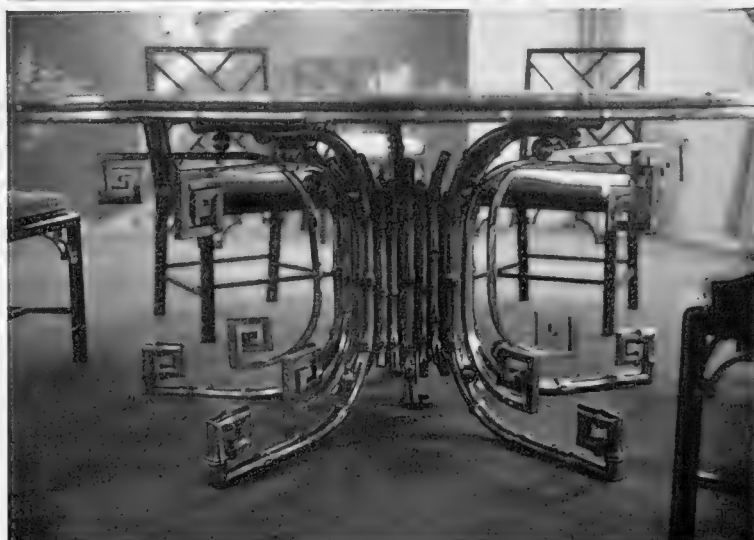
## Destination Monaco

*continued*



*Mr. Mavroleon's studio. Below: Blue and white bathroom with a Kang-si screen*

*Mrs. Mavroleon's bedroom has Spanish pictures and a French table*



*More Chinese touches aboard. These wall lights are in the main lounge . . .*

*. . . and the dining table has a bamboo effect worked in brass*



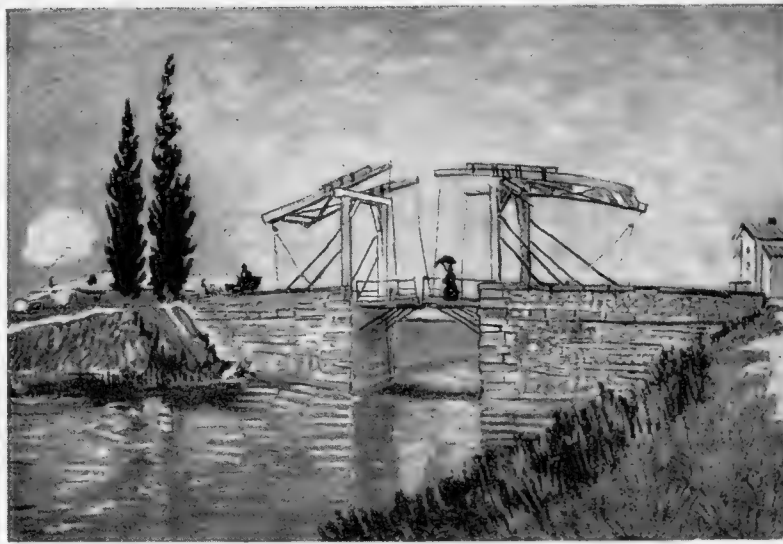
# THE ARLES OF VAN GOGH



**V**AN GOGH came to Arles in 1888 and painted 100 pictures of the town in a year of frantic work that ended with his confinement for another year in the nearby asylum of St. Rémy. Almost 80 years of industrialization have encroached on and submerged the scenes he painted, but Arles is celebrating a special Année Van Gogh with the recent erection of a wooden drawbridge almost identical with the Pont de l'Anglois that the artist painted many times from many angles. The bridge was discovered at a cement factory at Fos-sur-Mer, a few miles away, bought by the municipality, dismantled and re-erected at the Montcalde Lock on the canal just outside Arles. This is not the original site because the surroundings have become too industrialized to be attractive. The bridge which Van Gogh



Le Pont Langlois—1888 version

Le Pont Langlois—1889 version *The same site today with its concrete bridge*

*The Convent of St. Paul de Mausole at St. Rémy, the asylum to which Van Gogh was committed. Right: The interior of the all-night café Van Gogh painted in August 1888, as it is today. The iron stove has gone, but the oval clock remains*



miscalled Le Pont de l'Anglois was actually known as the Pont Langlois, being named after the keeper of the nearby lock. It spanned the canal at the far end of a mooring basin close to the river Rhône. The new Pont Van Gogh is within easy reach of the town centre by car or on foot along the canal towpath.

One of Van Gogh's many versions of the bridge shows a woman with a black umbrella crossing, a horse and cart having just passed over. Another, dated April 1888, shows a white horse and tarpaulin-covered cart midway across; and this version has been chosen for the *Arles 1961 Année Van Gogh* poster issued to mark the inauguration of the Van Gogh bridge. Describing the version with the white horse (now in the Wildenstein Gallery, New York), Van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo: "It is a drawbridge with a small cart crossing it, against a blue sky. The stream is also blue, the banks orange and green, with a group of washerwomen in blossoms and gaily striped caps."

Recently, when an American television film unit visited Arles to make a film of the town and its associations with the artist, a farmer living near the Montcalde lock was able to provide a white horse and covered cart exactly





*The quayside of the Rhône at Arles—little changed since Van Gogh's day*

as in Van Gogh's picture. The twin platforms of the bridge were lowered and he drove across while the cameras rolled.

The descriptive folder for the Van Gogh year gives details of 30 of his most characteristic Arles paintings with a plan of the town indicating the spots on which he set up his easel. They include the Place Lamartine where his *Little Yellow House* once stood . . . the *Café de Nuit* . . . the *Café Terrace* in the *Place du Forum* . . . the Hospital where he was treated after cutting his ear off. . . . The Alyscamps, a shaded promenade lined with ancient Roman tombs . . . the quaysides of the Rhône . . . the Canal and the site of the old Pont de l'Anglois. The folder also includes a map of the district showing 30 more places painted by Van Gogh in the neighbourhood of Arles . . . on the sea coast at Les Saintes Maries de la Mer . . . in the Crau . . . at Montmajour . . . places that have changed little with the passing of time. There is a splendid exhibition of Van Gogh originals in the Musée Reattu, many of them borrowed from Dutch collections. Visitors making a pilgrimage of homage can compare the present reality with the same scene—as seen by Van Gogh.



One of the few buildings in the Place Lamartine to escape bomb damage is the Café de l'Aleazar, above: as the artist saw it, and (left) as it is now



Van Gogh's *Le Maison de Vincent* (left) stood in the Place Lamartine (above). It was in front of the Bar Tabacs and was destroyed during an air raid in 1944. The large building behind and the bridge remain

THE  
ARLES  
OF  
VAN  
GOGH

concluded



# AGONY COLUMNS

*While holidaying in Carthage I met a beautiful and wealthy woman. She seems highly-strung and threatens suicide if I leave; but I am young and want to see the world before I settle down. What should I tell her?*

**AENEAS**

*I am attracted to an older woman. We have a lot in common and get on well together. Do you think the difference in our ages will affect our future happiness?*

**OEDIPUS**

*I am being bothered by the attentions of a swan. How can I discourage him? I don't want to hurt his feelings.*

**LEDA**

*I like sailing and want to be a ferryman. Is there any future in it? My friends say it's a dead-end sort of a job.*

**CHARON**

*Some Greeks have left a wooden horse outside our city wall. It would appear to be a sort of gift. Would it be rude to leave it outside? It's very big.*

**PRIAM**

*I am staying with friends. Hanging over my chair in the dining room there is a large ornamental sword. It doesn't look terribly safe to me. Should I mention it?*

**DAMOCLES**

AN ENTERTAINMENT  
DEvised BY  
**J. ROGER BAKER**  
AND  
**SHEILA BRIDGLAND**



*My husband is quite talented with the harp, and wants to make a career out of it. Do you think this will ever be of practical use to us?*

**EURYDICE**

*We housewives are getting pretty fed up with the way our husbands are behaving. Suggestions for bringing them to heel would be welcomed.*

**LYSISTRATA**

*Please can you suggest a suitable gown for me to wear at an unusually large family funeral I must attend? I have been told that mourning becomes me.*

**ELECTRA**

*I am suffering agonies through an embarrassing affliction of the hair. When I ask my friends for advice they just give a stony stare. Can you help?*

**MEDUSA**

*My young man has left me and our two children, taking with him a goldenfleece of considerable sentimental value. How can I get him back? I am a good cook, and a clever nurse.*

**MEDEA**

*Can you suggest any useful publications on bullfighting. I must learn pretty fast. Is there a helpful book on pot-holing, too?*

**THESEUS**



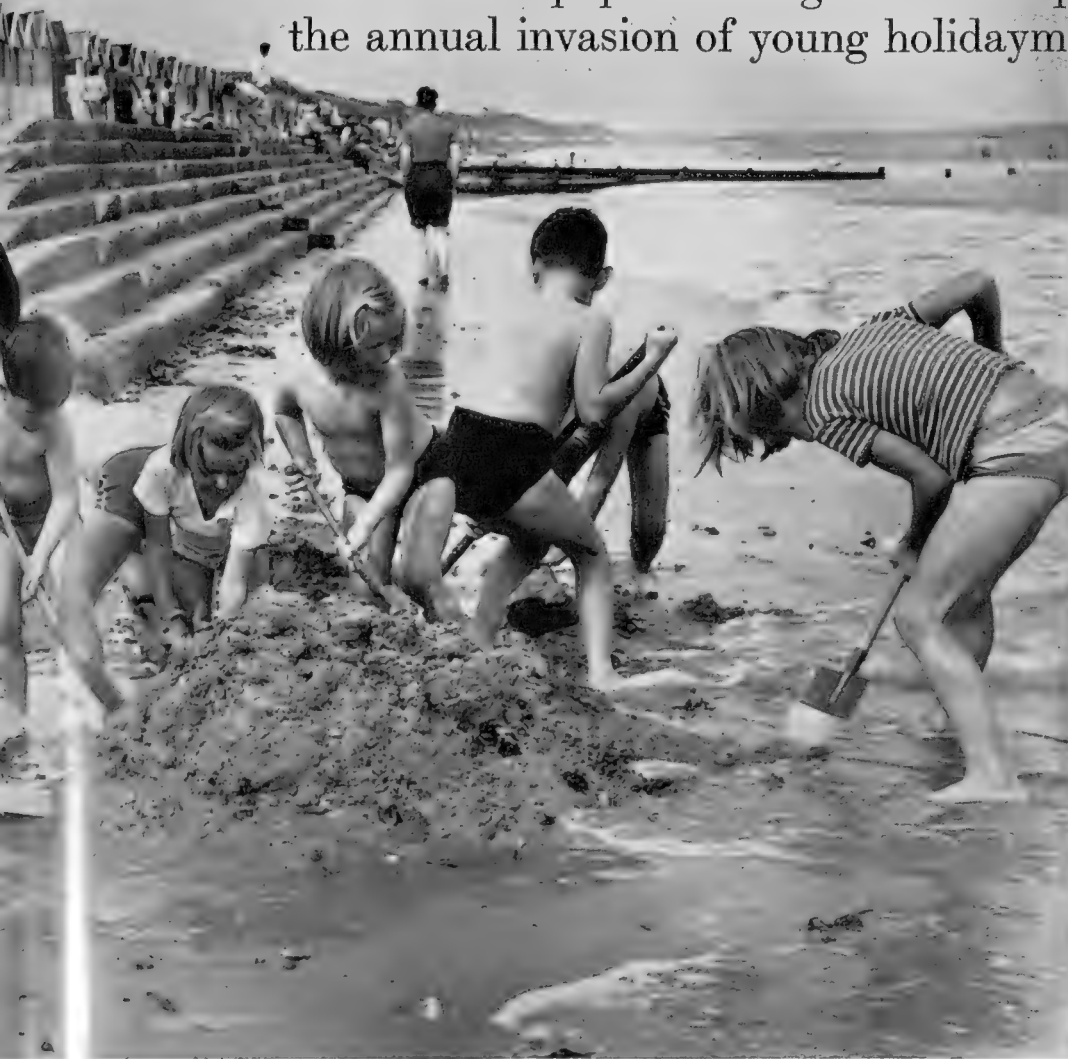
# FRINTON HOLIDAY



Above: **The Master of Stormont**, 4-year-old son of Viscount Stormont. Top: **Charles**, 3-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Stonehill, of London, and **Paul**, also 3, son of Mr. & Mrs. Philip Vickers, of London. Right: **Susan**, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. S. G. Bayliss, of Welwyn, Herts

Betty Swaebe took the pictures on the beaches of this East coast resort whose population age-index drops sharply each summer with the annual invasion of young holidaymakers

*Sandcastle builders include Antonia (7), Michael & Christopher (5-year-old twins), children of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Butler. With them are Clare (4), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Long, and Christopher (6) and Caroline (4), children of Mr. & Mrs. Reginald Hill, of Braintree. Below: William (3), son of Mr. & Mrs. Patrick Filmer-Sankey*



*Annabel (2) & Vere (4), children of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Wheatley, of Chester Square, S.W.1. Right: Lady Fisher with her 3-year-old son Benjamin*







**David**, 18 months, son of Mr. & Mrs. Euan McCorquodale with **Caroline** (2), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. John Greenish



**Simon**, 3-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. Jamie Gonzales Moreno, gets a push from the **Hon. Benjamin Fisher**. Top: **Mark** (3) and **Charles** (6), sons of Mr. & Mrs. John Etherton, of Victoria Road, London, W.8

**Carol** (4), daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Lytton, of Paris, and the **Hon. Jonathan Boyd**, 4-year-old son of Lord & Lady Kilmarnock. Below: **Ian**, 4-year-old son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Scott Thompson. Below right: **Giles** (2) and **Philip** (4), sons of Mr. & Mrs. Ronald Daubeney of Harley Street, London



**The Hon. Timothy Boyd**, 2-year-old son of Lord & Lady Kilmarnock with spade and push-basket



## LORD KILBRACKEN

## Ordeal by telephone

I WONDER IF ANY MORE SUBTLE INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE EXISTS THAN the telephone. It sits on my desk as I write, so shinily demure, so seemingly innocent. Yet it can move strong men to tears, can drive normally sane citizens to impotent despair and fury, can intrude day or night through the caprice of a friend or the malice of an enemy. And I find I pay, on average, something over £100 a year for the privilege. . . . I do not know which is its most exasperating mood. Sometimes, let us admit, it is angelic: you dial, the right person answers immediately, you converse, all is well. But then, vainly encouraged, you presume to try again. This time, when your number answers, you ask for an extension; there is a faint metallic click and then complete silence. Thirty seconds go by, then a minute. What to do next—especially if, for instance, it is to Birmingham, and the precious, expensive minutes are silently ticking by? Jiggle the receiver, and run the risk of being cut off? Wait the three minutes which you'll have to pay for anyway, then hang up, get through again, and blast the malevolent switchboard operator? Or simply commit suicide?—And do not laugh, I beg you; any of us, some day, might really be driven to it.

But how, in any case, to get through to Birmingham? What luck do *you* have nowadays in dialling 100? In the happy old carefree days of TRU and TOL, I used often to get the operator quite reasonably quickly. But now it has become nothing more than a hopeless gamble: she *may* answer after three seconds—or after 25 minutes. And 25 minutes seems like 4½ hours, listening to that unending *burr-burr*, even if one has the knack of propping the receiver between ear and shoulder, so that both hands are free for getting on with other things. What is the best policy after a quarter of an hour of this? If one hangs up and then redials 100, does one go automatically to the end of the queue again?—I suppose so; but the awful fear is present that one has been connected in error to a forgotten phone in a deserted building which will never reply down the centuries.

The telephone can torture every bit as effectively by silence as by intrusion. The latter, I suppose, is the more common. We all know the mornings which disintegrate and are ruined by an unending succession of calls: tiresome females who assume you'll enjoy a long, gossiping chat, or a sudden rash of wrong numbers ("No, this is *not* the O-So-Nice Soft Drinks Company"). But worse than these, if mercifully less frequent, can be waiting for the phone which *won't* ring; the girl, the Important Offer, the contract you are hoping for—from hour to hour and then from day to day. "If only the phone would go"—but nothing on earth will make it. And finally, in despair, I have dialled ENG: "I think my phone may be out of order; will you please call my number and see?" Immediately comes the long-desired ring, but only so that you can say: "Yes. I'm sorry. It *does* seem to be working all right. . . ."

And here's another thing that happens. You call a certain number and it's engaged. You call again immediately; this time, you get a ringing tone but now there is no reply. I admit there is a possible,

rational explanation: someone *else* was ringing, and getting no reply, when you made your first call. But this, I believe, is never what has really happened. It's just the telephone gremlins at work—and at their most pernicious. I draw a veil over those sinister occasions when your phone rings, you lift the receiver, and nobody (apparently) is there. *They* are just checking on you. A special race of gremlins inhabits the Minicab number—surreptitiously implanted there, perhaps, by the cabbies. I have dialled the number on about 13 occasions and it has been engaged on all but one of them, when the ringing tone went on for perhaps five minutes before stopping with a click.

"Hullo," I said (not hoping for a reply).

"Hullo," replied a voice, with a faintly foreign accent. "Pliz, i that the Minicabs?"

"No, it's not," said I, my blood pressure mounting perceptibly. "*want* a Minicab."

"Pliz, you send me a Minicab to. . . ."

I hung up in despair and after a minute again dialled the number. Engaged as usual.

I have no complaints about the "special" numbers—not only faithful TIM, but also UMP and WEA and ASK, with which I assume you to be acquainted. (But did you know that you can dial CHICKEN—i.e. CHISWICK 2536—if you *want* a chicken, or WHISKEY—i.e. WHITEHALL 7538—if you require liquor?) These are always blameless. But I cannot say the same of such as XOX, and DIR, and ENG, and INF.

It is not only in Britain that this torture-machine exists. In the States, I admit, things are usually easy: you can dial Los Angeles from New York, or Boston from Chicago. Admittedly, you have to learn to say "busy" instead of "engaged," and "seven-seven-five-five" instead of "double-seven-double-five," and "long distance" for even the shortest call you can't dial, and "information" instead of "directory enquiries," and "Is *this* Mr. Jones?" instead of "Is *that* Mr. Jones?" Otherwise, you have no trouble.

But France! Or Italy! Or Ireland!

It must tell us something about the Italians that they do not say "Hello" but "*Pronto*" when they answer—meaning literally "I am ready." It is as though they felt they were on the point of taking part in a race or battle, against inconceivable odds (as indeed they are), and had thoroughly prepared themselves before lifting the receiver. And why do the French say "*J'écoute*" instead of "Hello," and "*Ne quittez pas*" instead of "Hold on"?

And now—heaven protect me—the damned thing is ringing. I steel my nerves. I have my pencil, my notebook, my engagement book, my tranquilizers ready. I lift the receiver.

"Hello," I say. "*Pronto*," I say. "*J'écoute*," I say. There is silence in three languages.

"*Ne quittez pas*," I implore. A faint, metallic click.

Alas! *Hélas!* They have quit already. . . .



## COACHES AND CRICKET

*The old Wykehamists play the Old Wellingtonians at the Hurlingham Club. In the foreground Sir Dymoke White's horses (and coach) await their master. Sir Dymoke, President of the Coaching Club, had led other coaching enthusiasts and their friends from a meet at the Magazine in Hyde Park to Hurlingham for the club's annual lunch. Muriel Bowen travelled on the top of Mr. "Bassie" Gilbey's coach. She describes the drive on page 258.*





## EASE MAKERS

Short cut to pressing. Morphy Richards irons now have a push-button control to switch from steam to dry ironing and back again. Also eight thermostatically controlled settings and extra steam vents for increased steam coverage; ready for steam ironing in 90 seconds. Available at the end of August from all leading stores and electrical shops at about 88s. 6d. Morphy Richards have also introduced several new refrigerators and heaters to celebrate their Silver Jubilee

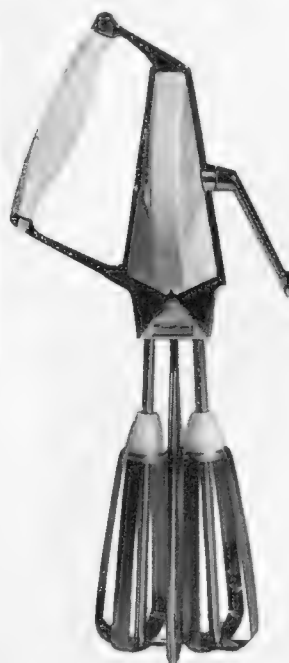


Short cut to refreshment, a home wine-making kit designed for the amateur. Boxed by Blackdown it includes a one gallon glass fermentation jar, cork, fermentation lock, rubber tubing and plastic funnel with paper filters. Enough yeast and salts for five gallons come with it, 39s. 6d. at Selfridges; John Buss, Manchester; Sharpe & Fisher, Cheltenham, all of whom sell replacements



Short cut to mellow lighting. Hand-made Swedish lights shaded with natural pine. Table lamp with three slender legs, £4 2s.; cylindrical ceiling light, £4 8s. 6d.; wall-light with a copper back, £4 14s. All prices approximate. Imported by the Eva Hauser Gallery, Finchley Road, N.W.3

Short cut to easy beating. Prestige's Royal beater now has an off-set handle for better purchase. Deep-whisking beaters are in stainless steel, the frame of chromium plate and the works are enclosed giving quieter action. Several colours, 29s. 11d. from stores and hardware shops



### INTELLIGENCE REPORT

A sink unit that also includes an electrically-operated washing machine and spin dryer has appeared on the market. Called the Space Queen, it takes up the normal amount of space for a sink unit only. The top is of moulded polyester epoxy, an extremely durable material. A draining board is fitted over the dryer; the sink base removes to reveal the washing machine with gyrotor action which holds a 5 lb. load of clothing. A heater boosts water temperatures and a control panel operates both dryer and machine at the same time. There is storage space underneath the whole unit. Spin and rinse action happens via a rubber tube connected to the taps; this is followed by spin drying. A master switch and timer are on the control panel. It is all connected to the main plumbing system. The unit costs 132 gns. All inquiries to Whitewell Manufacturing Ltd., Astor Hotel, 26/30 Craven Hill Gardens, W.2.

Whiteleys are selling polythene bags of ice at 6d. for two dozen cubes. The store is acting as an experimental spot for an American machine, the Scotsman, that spits out ice cubes by the hundred. Whiteley's, Queensway, W.2, will deliver to any area in London (within reason). From the Food Hall.

# ALL THE WINNERS



Hats + shoes + handbags + stockings + jewellery = 7 pages of brand new autumn accessories, photographed by Norman Eales

*Black seal space-helmet designed by Simone Mirman is head hugging with minimum fuss, maximum effect*



ALL  
THE  
WINNERS  
CONTINUED



*Rudolf's high hat is made of white mohair overprinted with a tan paisley design and banded with brown velvet*

Right: Reed Crawford's black velvet "eyebrow" cap, trimmed with diamanté. The baroque pearl and rhinestone necklace and earrings are by Christian Dior. Necklace 23 gns. from Fenwicks. Earrings 5 gns. from Fior



Madame Vernier masses brown and white Indian pheasant feathers to undulate with every movement of the head. The necklace and earrings of pearls, pebble beads and moonstones are by Christian Dior. From Fior, Burlington Gardens; Mme Campbell, Bournemouth. Earrings, 5 gns., necklace 17 gns.

Peter Shepherd at Woollands sparks a black velvet Mongolian hat with diamanté cascades. Necklace of gilt, pearls and mulberry velvet beads, costs 7 gns. from Paris House, South Molton Street. Earrings by Adrien Mann from Harvey Nichols, 10s. 6d.





ALL  
THE  
WINNERS . . . *in shoes*  
CONTINUED



*Charles Jourdan combines black crêpe and silver lamé for an evening shoe. In shape it has a fined-down square toe, a medium, curved heel. 7½ gns. at Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street*

*Two evening shoes. Left: Gold-thread embroidered nylon mesh with gently rounded toe. Gold kid covering the throat and heel. £4 15s. 11d. at Lotus & Delta, Bond Street and Manchester; Rackhams, Birmingham. Right: Fringed pump by Bally has a rounded toe on a short vamp, and a small heel. In bronze satin with black fringe, 89s. 9d. at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street*

*Left: square-toed shoe in reed-green calf, with separated vamp and a fine, medium heel. Also in red, 8 gns. by Cedric at Saxone, 297 Oxford Street, or to order by mail from there. Right: Cardinal-red calf shoe with an antique finish. The whole shoe is trimmed with punching and has double straps over the foot. 6½ gns. at Charles Jourdan, Old Bond Street*



Left: Chocolate brown square-toed shoe with a high waisted heel. It is trimmed with punching and a bow on the toe. 5 gns. at Russell & Bromley. Right: A honey coloured shoe by Bally (also in other colours and patent) with a round "thumbnail" toe, shorter vamp and slim curved heel. 8 gns. at Bally Boutique, King's Road, and Bally London Shoe, New Bond Street

The shine of patent leather. Left: Mulberry calf with a fine, square toe trimmed with a strip of patent leather, and curved, medium heel. 6 gns. at Russell & Bromley, New Bond Street. Right: Black patent pump with a narrow squared-off toe, a grosgrain cockade on the throat. Heel is a small spade-shape. 6½ gns. at Bally Boutique, King's Road, Bally London Shoe, New Bond Street

Left: Ginger coloured patent with squared toe, stiffened satin bow and slim medium heel. By Charles Jourdan in Old Bond Street, 7½ gns. Right: Rich chestnut patent with a sharply square toe, slim heel, flat velvet bow. £5 15s. 6d. at Lotus & Delta, Regent Street, Leamington Spa and Harrogate



1. Taylor Woods' 75 gauge, 12 denier, fully fashioned nylons made in three leg lengths, here in "Fermanagh Rose" a warm beige. 12s. 11d.
2. Bear Brand's "Grape," a dark smoked-purple, comes in nine different leg lengths, fully fashioned and seamless, 6s. 11d.
3. Taylor Woods' "Antrim Bronze," a rich chocolate colour, in 75 gauge, 12 denier, with three different leg lengths. 12s. 11d.
4. Berkshire's "Black Tulip" in fully fashioned 60 gauge, 15 denier with guaranteed ladder-stop top and toe. 8s. 11d.
5. Cannon's stockings (imported from the U.S.A.) have a snag-guard silicone finish and reinforced heels and

- toes. New colours "Cinnamon" and "Red Fox" come in fully fashioned and seamless stockings. From 9s. 11d. to 18s. 11d.
6. Bear Brand's "Imperial Tokay" gives a burnished golden glow. Made in 15 denier, a choice of nine different leg lengths, 6s. 11d.
  7. Morley's "Clove Caramel," a deep toffee, is used for their fully fashioned and seamless stockings in varying lengths. 8s. 11d.
  8. Ballito's "Peking" a warm beige, is used for their nylis stockings. This new yarn wears like nylon, feels like silk. 9s. 11d.
  9. Charnos's 15 denier stretch seamed nylons are made in sizes A, B and C, to fit any leg. A new colour is "Cha Mist," a mushroom beige. 9s. 11d.



Top: Nigger-brown hide bag by Christian Dior, 42 gns. Top left: Calf cocktail bag, lined in leather, by Christian Dior, 14 gns. (Both from Harvey Nichols.) The handbag in the middle partners the umbrella and is in black box calf lined with leather. Umbrella £5 13s., handbag £18 15s., from Fortnum & Mason. Pure silk Balenciaga scarf 7 gns. at Simpsons, W.1. Bottom left: Emerald-green patent bag calf-lined, 25 gns. at Harvey Nichols. Bottom right: Off-white calf bag, by Jane Shilton, 5 gns. at Derry & Toms, W.8; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham & Manchester

Lapel brooches. Top: Head in gilt, rhinestones and turquoise, by Marcel Boucher, imported from America by Nagel, £5 15s. Top right: Rhinestone and gilt flower by Nagel, £5 15s. Both at all branches of Susan Handbags; The Ship Shop, Truro; Samuels, Manchester. Middle left: dandelion in gilt, rhinestone and pearl, 25s. Middle right: crystal and gilt flower-head, 55s. Both by Adrien Mann at Harvey Nichols; McDonalds, Glasgow. Bottom

left: Lapel pin 7½ gns., by Bijoux Christian Dior at Harvey Nichols; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames. Daisy head comes in crystal on a gilt stem, 3 gns., by Adrien Mann, at Harvey Nichols; MacDonalds, Glasgow. Bottom right: Flowerhead by Marcel Boucher in gilt and rhinestones. Imported from U.S. by Nagel, 7 gns., Susan Handbags; Ship Shop, Truro; Samuels, Manchester

ALL  
THE  
WINNERS  
CONCLUDED



Top left: Link gilt necklace with tassel pendant by Grosse at Christian Dior, 17 gns., at Fior, Burlington Gardens. Inside it, bamboo-shaped gilt bracelet, 7 gns., by Nagel, at all branches of Susan Handbags; Ship Shop, Truro; Samuels, Manchester. Centre: gilt-framed pendant, 29s. 6d. by Adrien Mann at Harvey Nichols. Necklace & bracelet 18-ct. gold-plated chains by Grosse at Christian Dior. 25 gns. & 17 gns. at Fortnum & Mason; Kendal Milne, Manchester (bracelet only). Pearl fringing on a single gilt chain, £6 16s. 6d. at Paris House





BARRY WARNER

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

It's just witchcraft—what you can do with herbs, old-fashioned scents. Casting a spell in the picture . . . the somnambulist cowslip renowned for its lulling, tranquillizing effect. The elusive scent of elderflowers that help a skin inclined to acne. These and many more herbs come from the fragrant Culpeper House in Bruton Street where the apothecary jars are evocatively labelled Chamomile, Heart's-Ease, Prickly Ash, Hyssop. Miss Miller brews herbs like these in many mixtures in the ultra-up-to-date climate of Simon, Caltex House, Knightsbridge. Their delicious vapours rise to open pores, drift dirt away and soften the skin in her steam treatment. They go into her nourishing and cleansing creams too. Another age-old remedy here is the honey mask that soaks into the skin, softening, toning, slightly bleaching. The comely scent of Red Roses is sealed in an antique decanter by Floris of Jermyn Street, who used to sell their scents in half-pints to fill decanters like this one. The fresh up feel of Cologne splashed on after a bath has its own brand of tingling charm. Especially when Guerlain's Imperiale eau de Cologne is the bottle on the bathroom shelf. 43s. for an antique-looking flask of peppermint-clear glass. Edwardian spell for a flawless skin was Guerlain's Secret de Bonne Femme Crème pour le Visage and the formula is still available today. A silvery lid tops a sizzling blue glass pot of white cream which is a foundation/nourisher. In its original pot for 12s. 9d.

# VERDICTS



A scene from John Osborne's new play *Luther* at the Royal Court Theatre. Weinand, a monk (Dan Meaden), helps Luther (Albert Finney) to prepare for his first Mass. Anthony Cookman reviews *Luther* next week

## ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

**The Bishop's Bonfire.** Mermaid Theatre (Davy Kaye, Paul Farrell, Hugh Sullivan, Howard Goorney).

### *Bonfire fizzles at the Mermaid*

TO PRESENT A PLAY BY MR. SEAN O'CASEY THESE DAYS IS AN ACT OF managerial courage. It is tantamount to telling the public that they are wrong to go on neglecting a writer who is often misled by false judgment but seldom deserted by his genius. Even when he writes a bad play this genius insists on popping in somewhere. Mr. Bernard Miles at the Mermaid gallantly chances his arm with *The Bishop's Bonfire*, the piece that provoked a great hullabaloo of religious and political protest in Dublin six years ago, and it looks as if he will get away with the venture. Clearly the first night audience came out feeling that they had been well entertained by a not very good play, and this despite the sad fact that the largely Irish company directed, or rather misdirected, by Mr. Frank Dunlop wildly overdo their playing of what is farcical in the satirical extravaganza.

It is by no means an easy play for a director to get right. There are virtually two plays, inadequately linked together to illustrate the same theme. This is the theme that appears in nearly all of Mr. O'Casey's later plays—that priests and sanctimonious profiteers and other agents of established institutions in modern Ireland are leagued together against the free mind, seeking to fill it with a superstitious dread of life and a distrust of happiness. Youth, according to him, is the chief victim of the conspiracy, and youth, he suggests, too often lacks the courage of its own instincts and fails pusillanimously to insist on its birthright. It is a theme that the octogenarian playwright pursues with passion, with eloquence, with perversity and with fire, but he is at his most exhilarating when the pursuit finds him with mocking tongue in cheek rather than with melodramatic hand on heart.

So he is in *The Bishop's Bonfire*. The impending visit of a bishop to his native village has brought to the fore all that is solemn, bogusly pious and repressive in the life of the place. The largest employer, who has been created a Papal Count in honour of the occasion, assisted by a domineering Canon made a Monsignor for the same reason, are doing their best to arrange a right royal welcome to their generous patron. Their grandiose plans break down on the comic perversities of the workmen doing the decorations. These rustics are all so incorrigibly human, so characteristically Irish, that everything they do and say exposes the hollowness of the official celebration sponsored by Church and State. They launch wonderful dead-pan arguments about souls and

bricks, saints and soldiers and the best way to defend Ireland from invasion by the Russians. They get drunk on a keg of gin and spill a bag of cement over a new carpet. They carry on a mock battle with the statue of St. Tremolo, the bishop's patron saint, which brays its displeasure with strange and terrifying trumpet blasts. Long before the bishop arrives his official welcome has been practically stripped of its pretentiousness by their preternaturally solemn chorus and the whole thing reduced to comic confusion.

Through this exuberant farce runs the sad comedy of the two frustrated daughters of the Papal Count. One is in love with a servant of the house. The boy is always promising to run away with her but never does—and never will—because he is afraid of his employer, of the canon, of everyone in authority. Her case is really more pathetic than that of her sister. When this girl's childhood lover decided to become a priest she was persuaded by the stupid canon to take a vow of perpetual chastity. The young man has changed his mind and now implores her to break her vow. She is afraid to trust her heart and is still hesitating when the author, suddenly deciding to drive his theme savagely home, takes a disconcerting dive into full-blooded old Irish melodrama. Foorawn finds her old lover drunk and stealing. She loses her temper and madly threatens to call in the police. The lover shoots her dead. The episode, utterly convincing in itself, could possibly serve no end but crudely to over-emphasize points that the comic parts of the extravaganza have already made effectively.

Much of the comic dialogue is written with superb invention. It only needs to be spoken naturally to be uproariously funny, and it is sad to see the present company treating it as though it were run-of-the-mill farcical nonsense requiring all sorts of futile by-play to get it across. Mr. Davy Kaye, as the merry old soul full of wise advice and songs for all occasions, is a happy exception among the rustics. And Mr. Paul Farrell as the bad canon, and Mr. Hugh Sullivan as the good priest, at least realize that, though both of farce and comedy, they are playing parts intended to be taken seriously, but Mr. Howard Goorney, as the gombeen man turned pious, mistakenly represents the overbearing humbug as a clown. Yet Mr. O'Casey's vitality and humour wonderfully survives its maltreatment, and it is an entertainment not to be missed.

## ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

**Two Women.** Director Vittorio De Sica. (Sophia Loren, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Raf Vallone, Eleanora Brown.)

**The Last Sunset.** Director Robert Aldrich. (Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas, Dorothy Malone, Carol Lynley, Joseph Cotten.)

### *Sophia comes back to earth*

SIGNORINA SOPHIA LOREN IS BACK ON HOME TERRITORY IN *Two Women*, and it does not at all surprise me that her performance in it, as a fiery woman of the people, won her the Best Actress award at this year's Cannes Film Festival. It's true I much admired her, and her superb wardrobe, in *The Millionairess*—but nothing really becomes her better than a peasant rôle and peasant garb. Nothing became Signorina Gina Lollobrigida better, either—but she, poor dear, allowed Hollywood to turn her into a glossy advertisement for the corsetière's, the couturier's and the cosmetician's arts. Signorina Loren has, I am happy to say, preserved her strong, earthy personality and splendid animal grace intact: as she strides barefoot through the Italian landscape one feels she rejoices at finding herself once more in her own element. She gives, I think, her truest—certainly most affecting—performance in this film, based on a novel by Alberto Moravia and beautifully directed by Vittorio De Sica.

She plays a grocer's widow, living in Rome with the 13-year-old daughter (Signorina Eleanora Brown) who is the apple of her eye. When, in 1943, the city is heavily bombed, Signorina Loren decides, for the sake of the child, to return to her native village of Sant' Eufemia. She leaves her shop in the care of a handsome neighbour, Signor Raf



Vallone, with whom she has a brief affair—and with an impressive roll of notes stuffed in the bosom of her blouse, she sets off with her daughter by train. The train breaks down and they continue their journey on foot. Though the road they travel is machine-gunned by low-flying planes, the village, when they reach it, seems singularly unaffected by the war. The villagers make them welcome—they regard Signorina Loren as rich: she will be able to pay well for the food she needs. Their materialistic attitude does not shock the Signorina—she shares it. The only adult in the village who does not is a young anti-Fascist intellectual, M. Jean-Paul Belmondo, who falls in love with her. She rather despises him for his ideals but is touched by her daughter's affection for him.

Conditions begin to deteriorate—Mussolini totters, the Axis crumbles, retreating German troops pass through the village, taking food at the point of a gun and forcing M. Belmondo to guide them over the mountains, and soon the first of the pursuing Allied troops are sighted, heading for Rome. The city will now have more to offer than the village, Signorina Loren reasons—she will take her child home. On the long, weary road back, they pause to rest at a bombed church. Out of the shadows swarm a crowd of grinning Moroccan soldiers. They fall upon the mother and daughter and (in one of the most terrible and agonizing scenes I have ever seen) brutally ravish them both. When they have gone, the distraught mother gathers in her arms the child she loves more than anything else in the world—the child who now regards her with a heartrending, stony bitterness.

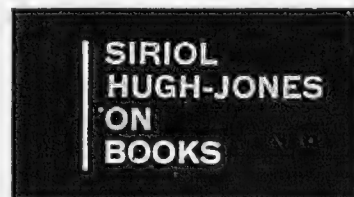
The awful change wrought in her daughter by her hideous experience reduces Signorina Loren to tears of anguish: is the tender bond between them broken for ever? Signor De Sica is too compassionate to let the story end in black despair—but too honest to give us more than a gleam of hope that the young girl's gentle, loving nature has not been totally destroyed. With the possible exception of Signorina Anna Magnani, I can think of no actress who could have played the devoted, tigerishly protective mother with such intensity and conviction as Signorina Loren does; she and Signor De Sica's direction have turned what might be regarded as a minor tragedy of the war into a major film.

**The Last Sunset** is a pretty good-looking Western—spacious, well photographed and all that—but it harps too much on the “there's so much good in the worst of us and so much bad in the best of us” theme for my liking, and the dialogue is over-fancy. I prefer a Western hero to be a good, old-fashioned, dyed-in-the wool hero, and the bad hombre real *bad*—and if they never get beyond “Yep” and “Nope” and “Fill 'em up” and “Drop that gun” in the way of small talk, well, that suits me fine. Mr. Rock Hudson, a Texan sheriff, has tracked Mr. Kirk Douglas, a gunman, to a ranch in Mexico owned by Mr. Joseph Cotten who, being a little short on hired hands, persuades the two men to help him take his herd of cattle, his wife, Miss Dorothy Malone, and a 16-year-old daughter, Miss Carol Lynley, over the border into Texas. Mr. Douglas is more than willing to accept the job because he is in love with Miss Malone, whom he has apparently dreamed of ever since he lost sight of her some 17 years earlier—and Mr. Hudson has no objection to riding along, as he meant to escort Mr. Douglas back to Texas anyway, to get him on a murder charge there. Mr. Cotten carelessly gets himself bumped off in a bar-room brawl—leaving Messrs. H. and D. to carry out his plans like the gentlemen he supposes them to be.

Mr. Hudson hates Mr. Douglas for causing his sister's suicide by killing her husband: he's out for revenge, not justice—so he's not really a good man. Mr. Douglas is admittedly a killer, but at heart he is a gentle romantic—so he can't be all bad. Miss Lynley doesn't think so, anyway—she's very much taken with the way he sees beauty in rocks and spouts poetry to her. By the time they reach the border—after the usual skirmishes with Injuns and routing of rustlers—Messrs. H. and D. have saved each other's lives, Miss Malone has fallen for Mr. H., Miss Lynley has made up her mind to marry Mr. D., and the cattle are beginning to look (like certain members of the audience) a little bored.

Mr. H. admits to Miss Malone that he no longer hates Mr. D. quite so much—but says he will shoot him like a dawg if he crosses into Texas. This upsets Miss Malone—who is even more upset when Mr. D.

announces that he intends to cross, to shoot Mr. H. like a dawg and then to marry Miss Lynley. Whether to save her prospective husband from death or her daughter from a life of shame I can't say—Miss Malone breaks the news to Mr. D. that he is Miss Lynley's father. There's nothing left for the shattered romantic but to let Mr. H. rub him out without another flowery word. Oh, well! He was a bit of a bore, anyway.



## *The man on the menu*

**Chateaubriand**, by Friedrich Sieburg. (Allen & Unwin, 35s.)

**The Agony & The Ecstasy**, by Irving Stone. (Collins, 25s.)

**The Somnambulist**, by William Honey. (Hale, 12s. 6d.)

**The Temple Of Flora**, by Elizabeth Mavor. (Hutchinson, 16s.)

**Voices At Work**, by Muriel Spark. (Macmillan, 16s.)

**A Rush On The Ultimate**, by H. R. F. Keating. (Gollancz, 15s.)

**A Scent Of New-Mown Hay**, by John Blackburn. (Penguin, 2s. 6d.)

**Household Ghosts**, by James Kennaway. (Longmans, 16s.)

**The Man With Three Jaguars**, by Delano Ames. (Methuen, 15s.)

IT HAS ALWAYS SEEMED TO ME THAT, WITH THE GORGEOUS EXCEPTION of Byron, who was witty and a great letter-writer, and often preferred his ladies at a distance, most of the really Top Romantics would have made dispiriting and odiously demanding lovers. Chateaubriand was certainly not one of the most amusing, though his score of smitten ladies was something prodigious, and Friedrich Sieburg, author of a new biography, **Chateaubriand**, sees him as a genuine hero and makes a possible excuses for him. He was catnip to literary ladies in drawing rooms, filled the soul of the 40-year-old Madame Récamier with an amazing amount of spiritual passion, and caused Pauline de Beaumont to write unforgettably in her diary “Monsieur de Chateaubriand's style gives me a sort of amorous shiver. He plays the piano on all my fibres.” To everyone he was “*l'Enchanteur*,” he wore the regulation wind-blown curls, his eyes flashed fire and his wife claimed she never read a word he wrote. In the circumstances, one can well understand why.

Twenty-seven years and 14 best-sellers divide Irving Stone's *Last for Life* (Van Gogh) from Irving Stone's **The Agony & The Ecstasy** (Michelangelo). Behind Mr. Stone's throbbing titles (Mr. Mybug on *Cold Comfort Farm* would have thought well of them) lies a world of painstaking research. For **The Agony & the Ecstasy** he read a great number of documents, worked in the Carrara marble quarries, and made a prolonged In the Footsteps of Michelangelo tour of Italy. The novel stretches to 687 close-packed pages, yet somehow Mr. Stone's interpretation does not, for instance, much clarify my mind on the sculptor's aims when working on the David, nor am I fully persuaded by passages such as, “He rolled the full width of the Prato bed burning with marble fever, aching to have hammer and chisel in his hands, to be tearing through the white crystalline stone with the sweet acrid dust caking in his nostrils; his loins swollen and throbbing—for Clarissa, longing to possess her; the two acts mystically cojoining in a continuous ‘Go!’” Berenson, on the other hand, apparently said: “Irving Stone comes closer to the true spirit of Michelangelo than any other writer,” a statement steadily more mysterious the more I think about it.

*Briefly. . .* **The Somnambulist** by William Honey, is a cheerful, funny and frankly sentimental story about a popular romantic novelist abroad in Italy with his sensible secretary and beset by the advances of two roaring divas. It has always been a mystery to me why more use has not been made in the past of opera singers for the purposes of light fiction, and Mr. Honey happily makes the most of some good broad chances. . . . **The Temple Of Flora** by Elizabeth Mavor is about Dinah Gage, who comes to the village of Thrussel to tidy the place up and to escape from a dead love-affair. I liked the village, couldn't take to the intense heroine, and was convinced of the author's intelligence, wit and

a sort of likeability of mind. . . . Little drops of water, little grains of sand make a mighty ocean, but maybe one can go too far too fast collecting every word that falls from the brilliant and alarming pen of Miss Muriel Spark—her radio plays, or “ear-pieces,” for instance, probably sounded far better than they read. All the same, in the collection called **Voices At Work** there are six short stories which afford sufficient joy for admirers of this most feline stylist. . . . **A Rush On The Ultimate** by H. R. F. Keating is a jolly little thriller about murderous croquet-players, with some excellent minor characters such as the midget housemaid Rosie, and a great many sentences without any trace of verb, nothing if not intentionally. . . . **A Scent Of New-Mown Hay** by John Blackburn is a really splendid beastly, about a nasty plague of vegetable-type people who smell of new-mown hay. . . . **Household Ghosts** by James Kennaway is a peculiarly mannered and complicated Scottish square-dance with a tiresome young woman, her brother, husband and lover at each corner, written in some extravagant and extraordinary private idiom, yet at the same time compulsively (and maddeningly) readable. And **The Man With Three Jaguars** by Delano Ames furthers the adventures of my now favourite thriller-hero-detective, the handsome but lugubrious Spanish Civil Guard called Juan Llorca, who has the fine makings of a martyr to women but manages to escape, always, at the last ditch.



**Josh At Midnight & Chain**  
**Gang Songs**, by Josh White  
**Coltrane Jazz, Lush Life & Blue Train**, by John Coltrane  
**Like Previn!**, by Previn,  
 Red Mitchell & Frankie Capp

## *Sweet Peggy from Dakota*

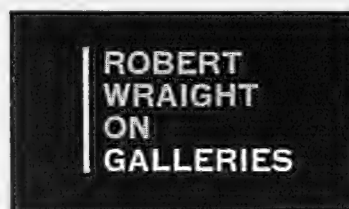
SIMPLICITY SEEMS TO BE THE KEYNOTE OF PEGGY LEE'S SINGING STYLE, as portrayed in **All Aglow Again** (T1366). This album contains a selection of her best-known recorded work, heralding her recent arrival in London for a cabaret season. She is not primarily a jazz artist, though much of her best work has strong traces of her early experiences when she sang with Benny Goodman in the early 40s. Dakota-born Peggy Lee has the ability to relax herself and her audience, as befits one of the best cabaret singers who dabbles on the fringe of jazz; one cannot pinpoint any special style, but clearly there is an absorption of influences which I think you will enjoy.

Josh White has been a frequent visitor to England, but lately his recordings have been rare. I have heard much criticism of his oversophisticated approach to blues and folk singing, some of it justified, but he adds up to an artist with a great and versatile repertoire, a not uninteresting guitar style, and an essentially listenable voice. Two of his latest albums on Elektra are worthy of attention—**Josh At Midnight** (EKL 102) and **Chain Gang Songs** (EKL 158). The latter, with its choir backing, embraces the full scope of Negro folksong without ever reaching the depths of feeling which I seek in such a performance. The midnight session is of a more popular nature, and consists of many of Josh's best known pieces, *Jelly, Jelly* and *One Meat Ball*, for instance. Though I am willing to acknowledge the need for an artist of Mr. White's standing to communicate with his audience on the simplest possible basis, I can see nothing to justify the use of such trite and well-worn material as this.

The tenor sax sound of John Coltrane has become more and more intrusive in recent months. He records at every opportunity, loves to experiment, and receives sufficient public acclamation to encourage him to do more. He has not yet become a big influence on other instrumentalists but, even discounting his technical approach, snatches of his improvisation can be detected in the styles of his contemporaries. Three albums illustrate my point. **Coltrane Jazz** (SAH-K 6162) is inclined to be pretentious; it is surpassed by **Lush Life** (32-129), which features his 1957-59 work, notably in the title piece, where he is

accompanied by pianist Red Garland; this set also includes three tracks where Coltrane is only accompanied by bass and drums. Normally I would regard this as a dangerous and uninteresting combination, but the three succeed in producing a very full sound. To my mind the best of the three albums is **Blue Train** (BLP1577). This has an exciting rhythmic support and the additional voices of Lee Morgan's trumpet and Curtis Fuller's trombone to spur on the leader. Coltrane demonstrates admirably his fiery approach, his incessant probe for new ideas, and a freshness of sound that is not always exhibited by his fellow saxophonists.

To be confronted with an album whose title contains the brief injunction **Like Previn!** (LAC12264) is disarming. He backs his prodigious technique with the exceptionally sensitive rhythm playing of bassist Red Mitchell and drummer Frankie Capp. Previn's precise mannerisms sometimes appear far removed from the free-swinging atmosphere of jazz, but in this instance the tension-making clichés he introduces are instantly relieved by the other two members of the trio. Despite the injunction, I like this record, and hope that we shall hear more of Previn in his role as a performer of jazz material, instead of in his more usual one of dressing up show tunes to sound like jazz.



Leighton House, Kensington

## *Diamonds are so much safer*

"IT MAKES YOU THINK," SAID THE MAN NEXT TO ME AT SOTHEBY'S recently, as art dealer Geoffrey Agnew made his successful bid of £3,800 for a small red-chalk drawing by Augustus John. "It makes you think," said the man next to me at Christie's a few days later when

Lord Leighton, P.R.A., a drawing by G. F. Watts, the Pre-Raphaelite







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picture after picture by the late Sir Frank Brangwyn was knocked down for little more than the value of its frame. And it certainly does "make you think," this business of reputations in the art world. The more I see of it the more illogical, irrational and incomprehensible it becomes. So that now when friends ask for help in choosing a picture the only advice I give them is that they should buy something they really like and forget all about "investment."

Investment is a matter for the dealers. It has nothing to do with people who love art. Any dealer who really loved painting could not bear to part with the things he buys. Indeed, the only dealer I ever met who loved pictures went broke for that very reason. But whether you go into the picture-buying business now with love or shrewdness is unlikely to make much difference to the shocks, surprises and disappointments the art sales of the future will bring. You may like to think that even 40 years ago, when Brangwyn was popularly held to be Britain's greatest living artist, *you* would have known that Augustus John was far superior. But would you—or even the wisest dealer—have then preferred a John drawing to a fine, large oil-painting like Brangwyn's *The Dogana, Venice* (which went at Christie's for a mere 350 guineas)? Is a drawing by John, wonderful draughtsman that he was, really worth 10 times as much as Brangwyn's best canvas? To me the idea is ridiculous. But not so ridiculous as the spectacle, so common in the saleroom, of dealers fighting to pay hundreds of pounds for a pencil scribble by Picasso and completely ignoring an excellent painting by a "non-economic" British artist.

At this level art-dealing is no more intelligent than dealing in autographs, with one Picasso autograph equal to three John autographs or 100 Brangwyn autographs. And with the autograph of John Smith, the brilliant young painter who doesn't happen to have had a one-man show in Bond Street, worth nothing at all. Buying pictures with investment in mind is bound to be a dicey business for the amateur, and I suppose it has always been so. Certainly, as I was reminded while visiting the Medical Art Society's exhibition the other day, it was so at the end of the 19th century. The exhibition was at Leighton House, which is both the Royal Borough of Kensington's art gallery and a memorial to the vanished reputation of Lord Leighton, P.R.A., who lived there for 30 years. In his day Leighton was considered one of the "glories" of British painting and no doubt many of the hundreds of people, including Queen Victoria, who bought his paintings, thought he was a pretty safe investment. As late as 1912 Sickert, who knew several of the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist masters personally, wrote of him that his "ordered and conscious accomplishment represented . . . the real road of art, the only road for students to tread in order that they might become masters."

Yet who cares enough to lift a finger at Sotheby's or nod at Christie's for a Leighton today? Maybe owners of his works will get a little hope from the signs, especially in America, of a reviving interest in the Pre-Raphaelites, an interest that would have seemed beyond all possibility 10 years ago. But on the face of it the lesson to be learnt from Brangwyn and Leighton would seem to be "Never buy the work of an artist who is very successful in his lifetime." So just count up all those artists whom that would rule out today. Makes you think, doesn't it?

## MAN'S WORLD

*Keeping old friends faithful*

David Morton

THOUGH NOT A SPECIALLY THRIFTY PERSON, I HAVE A DREAD OF THE use-it-and-throw-it-away policy. This sort of forced obsolescence was described very fully in Vance Packard's *The Waste-makers* and was chillingly forecast, along with other horrors, in Aldous Huxley's

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prophetic *Brave New World*—the slogan was “spending is better than mending.” Even in this changing world, a number of things one wears and uses are almost indestructible, and with a little care can last for years and years. Ivory hair brushes, for instance, or the handle of an umbrella, can become old friends; rebristled or re-covered they become good as new—often rather better than those currently available. So this article is devoted to mending, repairing, cleaning and altering—not how to do it, but where to get it done.

Those hair brushes for instance; you can get them rebristled at Tortoiseshell & Ivory House, 24 Chiltern Street, W.1—and the umbrella could be re-covered by James Smith at 53 New Oxford Street. Swaine, Adeney, Brigg are also most obliging about repairs to their umbrellas. Shoe repairs are handled by almost any shoe shop, or you could try Gallops at 20 Gloucester Road, S.W.7. Shoecraft at 12 Oxford Street do repairs while you wait. Bespoke shoes are obviously best repaired by the craftsmen who made them. Similarly, a bespoke tailor will probably help if you want some small repair to a suit he made, but it's useful to know of a good alteration tailor—W. Lieber at 79 Monmouth Street is recommended.

Moss Bros. have a useful cleaning and repair service; they collect and deliver by van in the London area. Their shirt repair service is useful to know about. They will replace collar and double cuffs for 15s., and let out the neckband (up to 1½ in.) for 5s. 6d. They will also renew the silk facings on dinner jackets or dress coats. This costs 3 gns. for a dinner jacket, 52s. 6d. for tails. A pink hunt coat can be cleaned with special scarlet cleaner, and rubbers renewed for £2. They will also re-proof ski jackets and trousers, clean any item of clothing, and sponge or press when appropriate.

Dry cleaning was discovered, not invented, by a Paris tailor with the cheerful name of Jolly Belin, in 1849. He knocked a lamp over and found that the turpentine had left a piece of cloth several shades lighter. In those days each garment was taken to pieces for cleaning and then reassembled. Seventeen years later French cleaning came to

Britain and M. Belin's camphene was replaced with a mixture of petroleum, benzine and benzol. Today white spirit and trichlorethylene are used in this highly mechanized industry; prices are still low, hardly rising since before the war because of the increased demand for dry cleaning—400,000 garments are cleaned every working day in Britain. Rather surprisingly the average amount of solid, weighable dirt removed from a suit is about 1½ oz.—roughly the weight of a pocket lighter.

I asked a leading West End tailor if he could recommend a few good cleaners from his experience of them. He spoke highly of Lilliman & Cox, 4 Hanover Square, University Tailors (this column, 29 March 1961), and Turnbull's of Hawick, who operate a postal service. From my own experience I can recommend Guillaume, 59 Dover Street. If you're in a hurry, Sketchley Cleaners offer a while-you-wait service at some of their branches—150 Sloane Street, for instance.

Invisible mending, a clever and painstaking system of weaving single threads over a burn or tear, is undertaken by Quickstitch at 26 Carnaby Street, W.1 (REG 1140). If you have something specially delicate to be washed—a dress shirt for instance—you may prefer to have it hand-laundered. The White Elephant Laundry, at Old Town, Clapham, S.W.4, uses pure soap, not detergents, and is meticulously careful in its work. Hand-laundering, hand-ironing, button replacement, minor repairs are all attended to. It has a weekly collection and delivery service as well as a postal service for those outside London, and will generally co-operate if something is wanted urgently. A same-day service, among less urgent ones, is provided by the Express Hand Laundry, 168 Earls Court Road (FRO 2345), which collects, launders and delivers within the day.

Another useful service is provided by Collars Ltd., Wembley, Middlesex. You need never buy another collar—they give you six new ones, white, semi-stiff or stiff, launder and dress them, replacing them when necessary, and then deliver them to you. There are van deliveries in the main British cities, and a postal service to all other parts and to the Commonwealth. Details—they will send a brochure free.

## ROSES AND ROSE GROWING

### *Be firm about labels*

G. S. Fletcher

BEFORE REVERTING TO THE OLDER HYBRID TEA ROSES, THERE ARE TWO comments I should like to make well in advance of planting time, more particularly for those new to rose growing. These remarks apply to all kinds of roses, old and new, standard or bush, climbing or pillar: only buy selected stock and always make sure your roses are labelled permanently. I am continually surprised by the number of people who, while enjoying growing roses, are yet indifferent to the necessity of labelling them properly; sometimes indeed they seem wholly disinterested. This appears to me to be as unsatisfactory as forming a collection of porcelain and not knowing whether the pieces are Bow, Chelsea, Lowestoft or what not: much of the pleasure is gone. The specially prepared aluminium labels are all right, written on with a gardening or chinagraph pencil, but they soon need renewing and it is a dreary task. Wooden labels are, of course, useless outside a greenhouse. One can obtain the specially cast Acme labels which are perfect, but I print my own on the label-making machines to be found on railway platforms. The pre-First World War ones are best as they print a neater label. These machines can be recognized by the amount of ornament on them. Until recently one could print 22 letters for a penny. Now they have been adjusted to print only 12 for the first penny—the increased price of labelling.

The next point is never to buy anything but the healthiest, strongest bushes, and if obtained from a distance (i.e., not bought under personal

inspection) and they are no good, to send them back. There should be three or four strong, healthy and glossy canes, with a correspondingly well-developed root system. Feeble bushes seldom, if ever, do any good. I have succeeded in coaxing undernourished specimens into life to see if it can be done, but it is not worth the time and trouble. So see to it that you buy only the finest possible stock from the start. It is always a chancy business to buy Continental roses, especially if they are offered at a low price. Quite often these roses fail to do well under our conditions, and sometimes they are incorrectly named or labelled.

Now is the time to view the roses for oneself in the nurseries, but where this is not possible or if the varieties one requires are not grown, order only from growers of repute. The older Hybrid Teas are not always readily obtained—too many have been replaced by novelties—and it is necessary to cast one's net as wide as possible and get catalogues from a large number of growers. I have obtained fine specimens of old Hybrid Teas from nurseries in the North of England for my garden in the South with highly satisfactory results. *Mme. Abel Chatenay* is hardy and vigorous and now distinctly period, as far as Hybrid Teas go. A charming old lady from the Naughty Nineties, she is salmon in colour with a long bud and was introduced in 1895. Nearer in time, among the yellows, is *Ophelia*, which is rather better known. I grow it as a standard. It is pale apricot, changing to a deeper, almost orange, tint in the centre. *Ophelia* was introduced in 1912, the period of ragtime and Mary Pickford. It reminds me of country drawing-rooms designed by Lutyens, where the ladies take tea and discuss the Suffragettes. It produces a succession of flowers. I cut my standards back fairly hard and obtain two separate crops. Finally, a rose to which I hope to devote more space on some future occasion: the delightful, pure yellow *Mrs. Wemyss Quin*. This rose is actually a Pernetiana, but in my opinion it is one of the best of the yellow roses.



## DINING IN

*Backbone of the kitchen rep.*

Helen Burke

ELABORATE PUDDINGS ARE PLEASING TO PREPARE AND SERVE, BUT A few simple ones which give good results are the backbone of the busy woman's cooking routine. It is all very well to say that cheese is easier still, but there are folk who regard a meal without a pudding, however good the preceding courses were, as being incomplete. A reader's telephone inquiry set me thinking about this. "We must have a pudding," she said, "because my family thinks more of it than of the meat." This is often true of older people, and they tend to turn to the old favourites. BREAD & BUTTER PUDDING, for instance. I know of at least one top-flight restaurant in London where every day of the year, irrespective of the weather, one largish bread & butter pudding is ready to be served.

RICE PUDDING is another favourite. Last week, I made one as a test for an oven. It calls for long cooking, but needs hardly any attention. Older cooks know all about milk puddings, so the following notes are addressed to the younger ones. First the rice itself. It should be "pudding rice" as against rice for curries. Any of the round Italian ones will do. If you decide on the large rice generally used for risottos, the cooked grains will be so enormous that you will think that you alone know how to make a perfect rice pudding. But perhaps Carolina rice is the best for this.

For three to four people, wash 1 oz. Carolina rice and spread it evenly in a well-buttered pie-dish. Add a good pint of milk, including the cream, and sprinkle 1 oz. sugar over it. Leave for an hour, if possible, then stir it and strew a little grated nutmeg over the surface. Place in the coolest part of your oven and bake for 1½ to 1¾ hours at 325 degrees

Fahr. or gas mark 3. Some people stir the pudding now and then during the early stages of the cooking so that the top mingles with the remainder and the rice, which tends to form into lumps, is broken up. Rice pudding is one of those accommodating dishes which can be put into the oven with, say, a very slow-cooking casserole and left there for 2 hours at 300 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 1. The pudding can be varied in several ways. Instead of nutmeg, some people prefer a little lemon peel, mixed with the rice in the first place. Some like to include a handful of sultanas. Or, if you like its flavour, add the grated rind of an orange instead of the fruit or nutmeg.

Recently, I was served with a very pleasant dish, ROSEBERRY TRIFLE, which required less than 20 minutes to prepare. For 6 to 7 servings, buy a layer of true sponge cake, 7 to 8 inches in diameter. Soak it in the juice from a can of dessert pears, heightened with a little Kirsch. Place it on a flat serving-dish, and on top arrange 6 to 7 halved pears, cut sides down and the stem ends pointing centrewise. Boil together 4 to 6 tablespoons of apricot jam and half the amount of water, then rub through a sieve. When cold, spoon this glaze over the pears and sprinkle them with chopped skinned pistachio nuts. Whip ½ pint double cream, 2 tablespoons icing sugar and a tablespoon of Kirsch. Pipe this around the edge of the sponge cake and fill the spaces between the pears with it.

PEACHES & SYLLABUB make a wonderful pudding. Even better are greengages or a fruit salad including balls of melon flesh, deseeded Muscat grapes, a peeled and sliced peach and a peeled and sliced pear. Place the fruit in a serving-dish, with a squeeze of lemon juice and a little caster sugar on top, so that the latter will dissolve before the syllabub goes on. In a large enough basin, pour ¼ pint white wine and 2 tablespoons brandy. Add the juice of ½ lemon, 2 to 3 tablespoons of icing sugar and ½ pint chilled double cream. Whisk until the cream is really thick and the liquid apparently taken up.

Pour this syllabub over the fruit and top the whole with chopped skinned pistachio nuts.

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## MOTORIZING

### *A Rolls makes them all feel better*

Gordon Wilkins

IN TERMS OF REAL MONEY ROLLS-ROYCE CARS ARE NOW CHEAPER THAN they were before the war, and the efficiency of the new works of the Car Division at Crewe would have brought them within reach of many more people were it not for the government's counter-measures, first with purchase tax and now with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's restrictions on tax-deductible expenses. Yet even at a price around £10,000 including tax, demand for the most exclusive model, the Phantom V, still exceeds supply. Its predecessor, the straight-eight Phantom IV was of course even rarer, being reserved for royalty and heads of state. The V-eight Phantom V permeates the social strata a little more freely, but it can never be produced in any great numbers because there simply are not enough craftsmen of the calibre required to build the limousine bodies, which contain a fairly large amount of skilled hand work.

What sort of motoring does the Phantom V provide? Rolls-Royce recently lent me one so that I could find out. First I used it with a chauffeur to go down to Glyndebourne, for every Phantom V owner will have a chauffeur—the mere idea of leaving it standing about in the street unattended is unthinkable. Later I drove it myself for a few days, which was no hardship at all, for the driver's quarters are every bit as comfortable as those reserved for the owner, and the splendid handling qualities built into the chassis, supplemented by the automatic transmission, the power-assisted steering and the servo brakes, make it easier to drive than many smaller cars.

Use of a Phantom V not only takes one into a world of quiet comfort which turns the most banal journey into an occasion; it is also the passport to help and co-operation from other road users that does much to mitigate the problem of threading this car, Britain's largest, through heavy traffic. When driving a Silver Cloud I have found it evoked respect, admiration and a tendency to mutual congratulation on the fact that Britain can build such fine cars. But there is the occasional lunatic so obsessed with envy or inverted snobbery that he finds it necessary to impede progress at all costs. An unwashed prole in a mobile ruin that must long since have been abolished by the 10-year test once went round the wrong side of an island in the face of oncoming traffic in order to get in front and hold me up. But it didn't

happen with the Phantom V. Indeed its size alone made it difficult, for it is almost 20 ft. long and weighs more than 2½ tons. Once as I tried to ease this great length of car out of a narrow side road, three other drivers at once stopped, blocking all escape routes in an excess of courtesy and creating the beginnings of a first-class traffic jam.

The one I was using was a Park Ward limousine, similar in outline to the Queen's car except that hers has a transparent roof and rear quarters and many other special features. This other car was used by President Kennedy during his stay in London. Clever design has given it a graceful appearance though there is absolutely no concession to the ground-hugging low-roofed school of style. It is a car into which you step up, not down, and sit down without contortions, a fact which endears it to women, especially when they are wearing evening dress. Feet sink deep into the pile carpets, and the seats, softly upholstered in West of England cloth, enfold the passengers in luxury. Upholstery and cabinet work are in the finest British tradition and therefore by common consent the best of their kind in the world, from the burr walnut cocktail cabinet, internally illuminated and mirror-lined, with its cut crystal glasses and decanters, to the pigskin-covered cigarette case, notebook and mirror tucked away in one of the arm rests.

There is a most sophisticated heating and ventilation system designed to cope with most of the vagaries of the English climate, but it would be well worth while to pay the few hundred pounds extra in order to have the refrigeration unit, which not only adds to comfort on humid summer days but also allows one to ride with all the windows closed and so cut out the horrid stench of diesel fumes which now seems to be a permanent feature of our cities and main roads.

On the rear seat there is comfortable space for three people abreast and there are in addition two unusually comfortable occasional seats. In front, seats for the driver and another passenger, making seven seats in all, are upholstered in leather and adjustable. No Phantom V driver is likely to hold his job for long if he throws it about like a sports car, but with the adjustable shock absorbers set at the harder of the two settings it can corner very quickly without rolling unduly, although its tyres tend to squeal.

It will accelerate faster than many sports cars and will rush along motorways at over 100 m.p.h. with scarcely any more noise than at 50. Driven fast it does 11 to 12 m.p.g., but will probably do considerably better at lower speeds.

There are other cars which are quiet, comfortable, well-made and well equipped, but I know of none which achieves such a high general level of excellence and produces such a high performance so unobtrusively.





**Abel Smith—Sheffield:** Carolyn, daughter of Mr. A. Abel Smith, of Houndsell Place, Mark Cross, Sussex, and the late Mrs. Abel Smith, was married to John Julian, son of Mr. & Mrs. J. Sheffield, of Laverstoke House, Whitechurch, Hampshire, at the church of St. James, Piccadilly



**Umney—Evans:** Anne, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. D. L. Evans, of Chestnut Avenue, Esher, Surrey, was married to Michael John, son of Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Umney, of Harrowby Court, W.1, at St. James's, Spanish Place

## WEDDINGS



HELMUT LEVY

**Sinclair—Williams Freeman:** Lady Jean Elisabeth Sinclair, eldest daughter of the Earl of Caithness, of Baile-na-Coille, Balmoral, Aberdeenshire, & the late Mrs. J. R. Sinclair, was married to Mr. David Peere Williams Freeman, son of the late Cdr. F. A. P. Williams Freeman & Mrs. J. L. H. Stevenson of Cape Town, South Africa, at the church of St. Mary Magdalene, Avondale, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia



**Burness—Howard:** Marguerite Cherry, daughter of Mr. J. W. A. Burness, of Templewood Gardens N.W.3, & Mrs. E. Burness, of Dinton, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, was married to Major John Robert Lowry Howard, son of Major S. W. & Mrs. Howard, of Eashing, Godalming, Surrey, at the Church of Saints Peter & Paul, Dinton

# FORTHCOMING MARRIAGES

**Lt. Cdr. M. C. Watson, R.N., and  
Miss P. C. Adams**

The engagement is announced between Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Watson, of Aspley Heath, Woburn Sands, and Peta Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Adams, Broughton Manor, Newport Pagnell, Bucks.

**Captain R. E. Barthorp and  
Miss V. M. Bathurst Norman**

The engagement is announced between Raymond Edward, son of Major J. A. F. Barthorp, late the Northamptonshire Regiment, and Mrs. Barthorp, of the Quinta, Bentley, Hampshire, and Victoria Mary, only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Bathurst Norman, of Villa Villettri, Vallée des Vaux, Jersey, Channel Islands, and Forest Farm, Naro Moru, Kenya.

**Lieut. J. P. W. Middleton, R.N., and  
Miss J. R. Gibbs**

The engagement is announced between John Patrick Windsor, son of Cdr.(E) J. H. D. Middleton, R.N. (Retd.) and Mrs. Middleton, of Harmel House, Haslington, Crewe, Cheshire, and Jane Rodwell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Gibbs, of Heath Cottage, Letchmore Heath, Hertfordshire.

**Mr. R. L. Morris and  
Miss S. Welbourn**

The engagement is announced between Richard Leslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Morris, of Black Potts, Dibden Purlieu, Hampshire (formerly of Eton College), and Susan, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. B. Welbourn, The Old Rectory, Clewer, Windsor.

**Mr. M. L. Pike and  
Miss S. C. Troop**

The engagement is announced between Michael Lavington, only son of Mr. & Mrs. L. L. Pike, of Bentley, Hampshire, and Sara Carlton, only daughter of Group Captain C. L. Troop, C.B.E., of Vine Cottage, Over Wallop, Hampshire, and Mrs. I. E. Wallace, of Roseberry House, Nunthorpe, Yorkshire.

**Mr. J. M. Denvir and  
Miss B. A. McBrien**

The engagement is announced between John Michael, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Denvir, of Clophill, Beds., and Alderton, Suffolk, and Bridget Ann, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. L. P. McBrien, of Mill House, Bearsted, near Maidstone, Kent.

**Mr. M. H. Pitt and  
Miss J. M. Phillips**

The engagement is announced between Martin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pitt, of 136 Highlands Heath, Putney, and Jennifer Mary, elder daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Phillips, M.C., R.A., and Mrs. Phillips, of Little Follies, Headley, Hampshire.

**Mr. A. C. Reed and  
Miss S. A. Webb**

The engagement is announced between Anthony Cunningham, son of Dr. and Mrs. Hector C. Reed, of Springfield, Queen's Park Parade, Northampton, and Susan Amy, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank E. Webb, of Wendover, Wellingborough Road, Northampton.

**Lieutenant A. Ryle, R.N., and  
Miss C. A. Clyne**

The engagement is announced between Alun, son of Mr. G. B. Ryle, C.B.E. (Forestry Commission), and Mrs. Ryle, of Beaconsfield, and Carole, only daughter of the late Squadron Leader M. F. W. Clyne and of Mrs. M. E. Clyne, of Rookesbury, Privett Road, Alverstoke, Hampshire.

**Mr. W. J. Warren and  
Miss V. Bond**

The engagement is announced between William James, son of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Warren, of Woodfield, Arundel, and Virginia, daughter of Lieutenant-Commander M. M. Bond, of Gunfield, Ingatestone, Essex, and Mrs. Mulliss.

**Mr. A. G. Hewett and  
Miss P. A. M. Ede**

The engagement is announced between Alan Graham, son of Mr. Graham Hewett, D.S.C., and the late Mrs. Hewett, of The Orchard, Hacton Lane, Upminster, Essex, and Penelope Anne Moore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Ede, of 1 Pembridge Mews, Kensington, W.11, and Orford, Suffolk.

**Captain R. E. A. Mylne, R.M., and  
Miss G. R. Moore**

The engagement is announced between Robert Euan Athol, son of Air Commodore and Mrs. A. W. Mylne, of 20 St. Matthews Gardens, St. Leonards-on-Sea, and Gillian Rosemary, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel A. W. U. Moore, and Mrs. Moore, of The Folly, South Lynn Drive, Eastbourne.

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